THE

WORKS

OF

Mr William Shakeſpear.

VOLUME the THIRD.

CONTAINING,

AS YOU LIKE IT.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
TWELFTH NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

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AS YOU LIKE IT.

A

COMEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE.

FREDERICK, *brother to the Duke, and uſurper of his duke-dom.*

AMIENS, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his baniſh-*
JAQUES, } *ment.*

LE BEU, *a courtier attending on* Frederick.

OLIVER, *eldeſt ſon to Sir* Rowland de Boys, *who had for-merly been a ſervant to the Duke.*

JAQUES, } *Younger brothers to* Oliver.
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, *an old ſervant of Sir* Rowland de Boys, *now fol-lowing the fortunes of* Orlando.

DENNIS, *ſervant to* Oliver.

CHARLES, *a wreſtler, and ſervant to the uſurping Duke* Frederick.

TOUCHSTONE, *a clown attending on* Celia *and* Roſalind.

CORIN, } *ſhepherds.*
SYLVIUS, }

A clown, in love with Audrey.

WILLIAM, *another clown, in love with* Audrey.

Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a country curate.*

ROSALIND, *daughter to the Duke.*

CELIA, *daughter to* Frederick.

PHEBE, *a ſhepherdeſs.*

AUDREY, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes, with pages, foreſters, and other attendants.

The SCENE *lyes firſt near* Oliver's *houſe, and after-wards partly in the Duke's court, and partly in the foreſt of* Arden.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Oliver's *Orchard.* *Enter* Orlando *and* Adam.

Orla. AS I remember, *Adam*, it was upon this my father bequeath'd me by will but a poor thouſand crowns, and, as thou ſay'ſt, charged my brother on his bleſſing to breed me well; and there begins my ſadneſs. My brother *Jaques* he keeps at ſchool, and report ſpeaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me ruſtically at home, or (to ſpeak more properly) ſtays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an ox? his horſes are bred better; for beſides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully gives me, the ſomething that nature gave me his diſcountenance ſeems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lyes, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieves me; and the ſpirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny againſt this ſervitude. I will no longer endure it, tho' yet I know no wiſe remedy how to avoid it.

SCENE II. *Enter* Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my maſter, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, *Adam*, and thou ſhalt hear how he will ſhake me up.

Oli. Now, Sir, what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, Sir?

Orla. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleneſs.

Oli. Marry, Sir, be better employ'd, and do aught a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat huſks with them? what prodigal's portion have I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir?

Orla. O, Sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldeſt brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you ſhould ſo know me: the courteſie of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt born; but the ſame tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confeſs you coming before me are nearer to his revenue.

Oli. What, boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain: I am the youngeſt ſon of Sir *Rowland de Boys*; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that ſays ſuch a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for ſaying ſo; thou haſt rail'd on thy ſelf.

Adam. Sweet maſters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I ſay.

Orla. I will not 'till I pleaſe: you ſhall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you

you have train'd me up like a peaſant, obſcuring and hiding me from all gentleman-like qualities; the ſpirit of my father grows ſtrong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by teſtament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is ſpent? well, Sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall have ſome part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? moſt true, I have loſt my teeth in your ſervice. God be with my old maſter, he would not have ſpoke ſuch a word.

[*Exeunt* Orlando *and* Adam.

SCENE III.

Oli. Is it even ſo? begin you to grow upon me? I will phyſick your rankneſs, and yet give no thouſand crowns neither. Holla, *Dennis!*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worſhip?

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Duke's wreſtler, here to ſpeak with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is here at the door, and importunes acceſs to you.

Oli. Call him in;——'twill be a good way; and tomorrow the wreſtling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worſhip.

Oli. Good Monſieur *Charles*, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, Sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is baniſh'd by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themſelves into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli.

Oli. Can you tell if *Roſalind*, the old Duke's daughter, be baniſh'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the new Duke's daughter her couſin ſo loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that ſhe would have followed her exile, or have died to ſtay behind her. She is at the court, and no leſs beloved of her uncle than his own daughter, and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They ſay, he is already in the foreſt of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*; they ſay, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time careleſly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wreſtle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry do I, Sir, and I come to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, Sir, ſecretly to underſtand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt me to try a fall; to-morrow, Sir, I wreſtle for my credit, and he that eſcapes me without ſome broken limb ſhall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loth to foil him, as I muſt for mine own honour if he come in; therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brook ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall run into, in that it is a thing of his own ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou ſhalt find I will moſt kindly requite. I had my ſelf notice of my brother's purpoſe herein, and have by underhand means laboured to diſſuade him from it; but he is reſolute. I tell thee, *Charles*, he is the ſtubborneſt young fellow of *France*; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a ſecret and villainous contriver againſt me his natural brother; therefore uſe thy diſcretion; I had as lief thou didſt break his neck as his finger. And thou wert beſt look to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himſelf on thee, he will practiſe againſt thee by poiſon, entrap thee by

by ſome treacherous device; and never leave thee 'till he hath ta'en thy life by ſome indirect means or other: for I aſſure thee, (and almoſt with tears I ſpeak it) there is not one ſo young and ſo villainous this day living. I ſpeak but brotherly of him; but ſhould I anatomize him to thee as he is, I muſt bluſh and weep, and thou muſt look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment; if ever he go alone again, I'll never wreſtle for prize more; and ſo, God keep your worſhip. [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles*. Now will I ſtir this gameſter: I hope I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than him. Yet he's gentle, never ſchool'd, and yet learned, full of noble device, of all ſorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my own people who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed. But it ſhall not be ſo long; this wreſtler ſhall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Roſalind *and* Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, *Roſalind*, ſweet coz, be merry.

Roſ. Dear *Celia*, I ſhow more mirth than I am miſtreſs of; and would you yet I were merrier? unleſs you could teach me to forget a baniſh'd father, you muſt not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Cel. Herein I ſee thou lov'ſt me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy baniſhed father, had baniſhed thy uncle the Duke my father, ſo thou hadſt been ſtill with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; ſo wouldſt thou, if the truth of thy love to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Roſ. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but me, nor none is like to have, and truly when he dies thou ſhalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour,

honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monſter: therefore, my ſweet *Roſe*, my dear *Roſe*, be merry.

Roſ. From henceforth I will, coz, and deviſe ſports: let me ſee what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make ſport withal; but love no man in good earneſt, nor no further in ſport neither, than with ſafety of a pure bluſh thou may'ſt in honour come off again.

Roſ. What ſhall be the ſport then?

Cel. Let us ſit and mock the good houſewife fortune from her wheel, that her gifts henceforth be beſtowed equally.

Roſ. I would we could do ſo; for her benefits are mightily miſplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for thoſe that ſhe makes fair ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt, and thoſe that ſhe makes honeſt ſhe makes very ill-favoured.

Roſ. Nay, now thou goeſt from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Clown.

Cel. No? when nature hath made a fair creature, may ſhe not by fortune fall into the fire? tho' nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune ſent in this fool to cut off this argument?

Roſ. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, hath ſent this natural for our whetſtone: for always the dullneſs of the fool is the whetſtone of the wits. How now, whither wander you?

Clo. Miſtreſs, you muſt come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

Clo. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Roſ. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo.

Clo. Of a certain Knight, that ſwore by his honour they were good pancakes, and ſwore by his honour the muſtard was naught: now I'll ſtand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the muſtard was good, and yet was not the Knight forſworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

Roſ. Ay marry, now unmuzzle your wiſdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now; ſtroke your chins, and ſwear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you ſwear by that that is not, you are not forſworn, no more was this Knight ſwearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had ſworn it away, before ever he ſaw thoſe pancakes or that muſtard.

Cel. Pr'ythee who is that thou mean'ſt?

Clo. One that old *Frederick* your father loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him: enough! ſpeak no more of him; you'll be whipt for taxation one of theſe days.

Clo. The more pity that fools may not ſpeak wiſely what wiſe men do fooliſhly.

Cel. By my troth, thou ſay'ſt true; for ſince the little wit that fools have was ſilenc'd, the little foolery that wiſe men have makes a great ſhew: here comes Monſieur *Le Beu.*

SCENE V. *Enter* Le Beu.

Roſ. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Roſ. Then ſhall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better, we ſhall be the more marketable. *Bon jour, Monſieur Le Beu*; what news?

Le Beu. Fair Princeſs, you have loſt much ſport.

Cel. Sport; of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour, Madam? how ſhall I anſwer you?

Roſ. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the deſtinies decree.

Cel. Well ſaid, that was laid on with a trowel.

Clo.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank ——

Roſ. Thou loſeſt thy old ſmell.

Le Beu. You amaze me, ladies; I would have told you of good wreſtling, which you have loſt the ſight of.

Roſ. Yet tell us the manner of the wreſtling.

Le Beu. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it pleaſe your ladyſhips, you may ſee the end, for the beſt is yet to do; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man and his three ſons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and preſence.

Roſ. With bills on their necks: *Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents.*

Le Beu. The eldeſt of the three wreſtled with *Charles* the Duke's wreſtler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: ſo he ſerv'd the ſecond, and ſo the third: yonder they lye, the poor old man their father making ſuch pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Roſ. Alas!

Clo. But what is the ſport, Monſieur, that the ladies have loſt?

Le Beu. Why, this that I ſpeak of.

Clo. Thus men grow wiſer every day. It is the firſt time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was ſport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Roſ. But is there any elſe longs to ſet this broken muſick in his ſides? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? ſhall we ſee this wreſtling, couſin?

Le Beu. You muſt if you ſtay here, for here is the place appointed for the wreſtling; and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder ſure they are coming: let us now ſtay and ſee it.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke Frederick, *Lords*, Orlando, Charles, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Come on, ſince the youth will not be entreated; his own peril on his forwardneſs.

Roſ. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young; yet he looks ſucceſsfully.

Duke. How now, daughter and couſin; are you crept hither to ſee the wreſtling?

Roſ. Ay, my liege, ſo pleaſe you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is ſuch odds in the men: in pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain diſſuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies, ſee if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monſieur *Le Beu.*

Duke. Do ſo; I'll not be by.

Le Beu. Monſieur the challenger, the Princeſs calls for you.

Orla. I attend her with all reſpect and duty.

Roſ. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the wreſtler?

Orla. No, fair Princeſs; he is the general challenger: I come but as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your years: you have ſeen cruel proof of this man's ſtrength. If you ſaw your ſelf with our eyes, or knew your ſelf with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counſel you to a more equal enterpriſe. We pray you for your own ſake to embrace your own ſafety, and give over this attempt.

Roſ. Do, young Sir; your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed; we will make it our ſuit to the Duke that the wreſtling might not go forward.

Orla. I beſeech you puniſh me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confeſs me much guilty to deny ſo fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wiſhes go with me to my tryal, wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one ſham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends

no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better ſupply'd when I have made it empty.

Roſ. The little ſtrength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eek out hers.

Roſ. Fare you well; pray heav'n I be deceiv'd in you.

Orla. Your heart's deſires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lye with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready, Sir; but his will hath in it a more modeſt working.

Duke. You ſhall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that have ſo mightily perſuaded him from a firſt.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you ſhould not have mockt before; but come your ways.

Roſ. Now *Hercules* be thy ſpeed, young man!

Cel. I would I were inviſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the leg! [*They wreſtle.*

Roſ. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who ſhould down. [*Shout.*

Duke. No more, no more. [Charles *is thrown.*

Orla. Yes, I beſeech your Grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How doſt thou, *Charles?*

Le Beu. He cannot ſpeak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orla. Orlando, my liege, the youngeſt ſon of Sir *Rowland de Boys.*

Duke. I would thou hadſt been ſon to ſome man elſe;
The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him ſtill mine enemy:
Thou ſhouldſt have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe.
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou hadſt told me of another father.

[*Exit Duke with his Train.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orla. I am moſt proud to be Sir *Rowland*'s ſon,
His youngeſt ſon, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to *Frederick*.

Roſ. My father lov'd Sir *Rowland* as his ſoul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his ſon,
I ſhould have giv'n him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle couſin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him;
My father's rough and envious diſpoſition
Sticks at my heart. Sir, you have well deſerv'd:
If you do keep your promiſes in love
But juſtly, as you've here exceeded promiſe,
Your miſtreſs ſhall be happy.

Roſ. Gentleman,
Wear this for me, one out of ſuits with fortune,
That would give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz? [*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

Cel. Ay; fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orla. Can I not ſay, I thank you? my better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here ſtands up
Is but a quintain, a meer lifeleſs block.

Roſ. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes.
I'll aſk him what he would. Did you call, Sir?
Sir, you have wreſtled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Roſ. Have with you: fare you well. [*Exe.* Roſ. *and* Cel.

Orla. What paſſion hangs theſe weights upon my tongue?
I cannot ſpeak to her; yet ſhe urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poor *Orlando!* thou art overthrown;
Or *Charles*, or ſomething weaker, maſters thee.

Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendſhip counſel you
To leave this place: albeit you have deſerv'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and love;
Yet ſuch is now the Duke's condition,

That he miſconſtrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is indeed
More ſuits you to conceive, than me to ſpeak of.

Orla. I thank you, Sir; and pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here were at the wreſtling?

Le Beu. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet indeed the ſhorter is his daughter;
The other's daughter to the baniſh'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her uſurping uncle
To keep his daughter company; whoſe loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of ſiſters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle neice,
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's ſake;
And on my life, his malice 'gainſt the lady
Will ſuddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter in a better world than this
I ſhall deſire more love and knowledge of you. [*Exit.*

Orla. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well!
Thus muſt I from the ſmoke into the ſmother;
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother:
But, heav'nly *Roſalind!* [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *Re-enter* Celia *and* Roſalind.

Cel. Why, couſin, why, *Roſalind*; *Cupid* have mercy, not a word!

Roſ. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away upon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come, lame me with reaſons.

Roſ. Then there were two couſins laid up, when the one ſhould be lam'd with reaſons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Roſ. No, ſome of it is for my father's child. Oh, how full of briers is this working-day-world!

Cel. They are but burs, couſin, thrown upon thee in holiday

liday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could ſhake them off my coat; theſe burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wreſtle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wreſtler than my ſelf.

Cel. O, a good wiſh upon you! you will try in time in deſpight of a fall; but turning theſe jeſts out of ſervice let us talk in good earneſt: is it poſſible on ſuch a ſudden you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old Sir *Rowland's* youngeſt ſon?

Ros. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue that you ſhould love his ſon dearly? by this kind of chaſe I ſhould hate him; for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando.*

Ros. No, faith; hate him not, for my ſake.

Cel. Why ſhould I? doth he not deſerve well?

SCENE IX. *Enter Duke with Lords.*

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, becauſe I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Miſtreſs, diſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle!

Duke. You.
Within theſe ten days if that thou be'ſt found
So near our publick court as twenty miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Ros. I do beſeech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with my ſelf I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own deſires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
As I do truſt I am not; then, dear uncle,
Never ſo much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highneſs.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,

They are as innocent as grace it ſelf:
Let it ſuffice thee that I truſt thee not.

Roſ. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Roſ. So was I when your Highneſs took his Dukedom,
So was I when your Highneſs baniſh'd him;
Treaſon is not inherited, my lord;
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my Liege, miſtake me not ſo much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear Sovereign, hear me ſpeak.

Duke. Ay, *Celia*, we but ſtaid her for your ſake,
Elſe had ſhe with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her ſtay;
It was your pleaſure, and your own remorſe;
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her; if ſhe be a traitor,
Why, ſo am I; we ſtill have ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And whereſoe'er we went, like *Juno*'s ſwans
Still we went coupled and inſeparable.

Duke. She is too ſubtle for thee; and her ſmoothneſs,
Her very ſilence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her:
Thou art a fool; ſhe robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous
When ſhe is gone; then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom,
Which I have paſt upon her; ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me, my Liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool: you, neice, provide your ſelf;
If you out-ſtay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatneſs of my word, you die. [*Exe.* Duke, *&c.*

SCENE X.

Cel. O my poor *Roſalind*, where wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Roſ.

Roſ. I have more cauſe.

Cel. Thou haſt not, deareſt couſin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful; know'ſt thou not the Duke
Has baniſh'd me his daughter?

Roſ. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? *Roſalind* lacks then the love
Which teacheth me that thou and I are one:
Shall we be ſundred? ſhall we part, ſweet girl?
No, let my father ſeek another heir.
Therefore deviſe with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not ſeek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs your ſelf, and leave me out:
For by this heav'n, now at our ſorrows pale,
Say what thou can'ſt, I'll go along with thee.

Roſ. Why, whither ſhall we go?

Cel. To ſeek my uncle in the foreſt of *Arden*.

Roſ. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth ſo far!
Beauty provoketh thieves ſooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put my ſelf in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber ſmutch my face;
The like do you; ſo ſhall we paſs along,
And never ſtir aſſailants.

Roſ. Were't not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtelax upon my thigh,
A boar-ſpear in my hand, and (in my heart
Lye there what hidden woman's fear there will)
I'll have a ſwaſhing and a martial outſide,
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.

Cel. What ſhall I call thee when thou art a man?

Roſ. I'll have no worſe a name than *Jove*'s own page,
And therefore look you call me *Ganimed*;
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Roſ. But, couſin, what if we aſſaid to ſteal

The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
Leave me alone to woo him; let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Forest. *Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords like foresters.*

Duke Sen. NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of *Adam*,
The season's difference; as, the icie phang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it; happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desart city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my Lord,

The

The melancholy *Jacques* grieves at that,
And in that kind ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you:
To-day my Lord of *Amiens* and my ſelf
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor ſequeſtred ſtag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched Animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,
Stood on th' extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what ſaid *Jaques*?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much. Then, being alone
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; thus miſery doth part
The flux of company: anon a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him: ay, quoth *Jaques*,
Sweep on, you fat and greazy citizens,
'Tis juſt the faſhion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierced through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, ſwearing that we
Are meer uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him ſtraight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Palace again.*

Enter Duke Frederick *with Lords.*

Duke. Can it be poſſible that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be; ſome villains of my court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did ſee her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreaſur'd of their miſtreſs.

2 *Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown, at whom ſo oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is alſo miſſing:
Hiſperia, the Princeſs' gentlewoman,
Confeſſes that ſhe ſecretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her couſin much commend
The parts and graces of the wreſtler
That did but lately foil the ſinewy *Charles*;
And ſhe believes, where-ever they are gone,
That youth is ſurely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither;
If he be abſent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him; do this ſuddenly,
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quail
To bring again theſe fooliſh runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Oliver's Houſe.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orla. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young maſter? oh my gentle maſter,
Oh my ſweet maſter, O you memory
Of old Sir *Rowland!* why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bonny priſer of the humorous Duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.

Know

Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within theſe doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother —— (no; no brother, yet the ſon,
Yet not the ſon, I will not call him ſon
Of him I was about to call his father,)
Hath heard your praiſes, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſe to lye,
And you within it; if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him and his practices:
This is no place, this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, *Adam*, wouldſt thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldſt thou have me go and beg my food,
Or with a baſe and boiſterous ſword enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not ſo; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
Which I did ſtore to be my foſter-nurſe
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs be lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that; and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age! here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your ſervant;
Tho' I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty;
For in my youth I never did apply

Hot

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did I with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility;
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly; let me go with you,
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

Orla. Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world;
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choak their ſervice up
Even with the having; it is not ſo with thee;
But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and huſbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low content.

Adam. Maſter, go on, and I will follow thee
To the laſt gaſp with truth and loyalty.
From ſeventeen years 'till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years many their fortunes ſeek,
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Foreſt.*

Enter Roſalind *in Boy's cloaths for* Ganimed, Celia *dreſt like a Shepherdeſs for* Aliena, *and* Clown.

Roſ. *Jupiter*, how weary are my ſpirits!

Clo. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legs were not weary.

Roſ. I could find in my heart to diſgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman; but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſel, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow it ſelf courageous to petticoat; therefore courage, good *Aliena*.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me, I can go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you;

you; yet I ſhould bear no croſs if I did bear you; for I think you have no mony in your purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the foreſt of *Arden*.

Clo. Ay, now I am in *Arden*, the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers muſt be content.

Roſ. Ay, be ſo, good *Touchſtone*; look you who comes here; a young man and an old in ſolemn talk.

Enter Corin *and* Sylvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorn you ſtill.

Syl. O *Corin*, that thou knew'ſt how I do love her!

Cor. I partly gueſs; for I have lov'd ere now.

Syl. No, *Corin*, being old thou can'ſt not gueſs,
Tho' in thy youth thou waſt as true a lover,
As ever ſigh'd upon a midnight pillow;
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As ſure I think did never man love ſo)
How many actions moſt ridiculous
Haſt thou been drawn to by thy fantaſie?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I have forgotten.

Syl. Oh, thou didſt then ne'er love ſo heartily;
If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lov'd.
Or if thou haſt not ſate as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy miſtreſs' praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd.
Or if thou haſt not broke from company,
Abruptly as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lov'd.
O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe!*

Roſ. Alas poor ſhepherd! ſearching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found my own.

Clo. And I mine; I remember, when I was in love, I broke my ſword upon a ſtone, and bid him take that for coming a-nights to *Jane Smile*; and I remember the kiſſing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, ſaid with weeping tears, wear theſe for my ſake.

We that are true lovers run into ſtrange capers; but all is mortal in nature, ſo is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I ſhall ne'er be ware of mine own wit, 'till I break my ſhins againſt it.

Roſ. Jove! Jove! this ſhepherd's paſſion is much upon my faſhion.

Clo. And mine; but it grows ſomething ſtale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almoſt to death.

Clo. Holla; you, clown!

Roſ. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinſman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters.

Cor. Elſe they're very wretched.

Roſ. Peace, fool, I ſay; good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.

Roſ. I pr'ythee, ſhepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this deſart place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may reſt our ſelves, and feed;
Here's a young maid with travel much oppreſs'd,
And faints for ſuccour.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wiſh, for her ſake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am ſhepherd to another man,
And do not ſheer the fleeces that I graze;
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little recks to find the way to heav'n
By doing deeds of hoſpitality:
Beſides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheep-cote now,
By reaſon of his abſence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is come ſee,
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.

Roſ. What is he that ſhall buy his flock and paſture?

Cor. That young ſwain that you ſaw here but ere while,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Roſ. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſty,

Buy thou the cottage, paſture, and the flock,
And thou ſhalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages.
I like this place, and willingly could waſte
My time in it.

Cor. Aſſuredly the thing is to be ſold;
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The ſoil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right ſuddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *and others.*

SONG.

Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lye with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the ſweet birds throat;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall be ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monſieur *Jaques.*

Jaq. I thank it; more, I pr'ythee, more; I can ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a weazel ſucks eggs: more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged, I know I cannot pleaſe you.

Jaq. I do not deſire you to pleaſe me, I do deſire you to ſing; come, come, another ſtanzo: call you 'em ſtanzo's?

Ami. What you will, Monſieur *Jaques.*

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me nothing. Will you ſing?

Ami. More at your requeſt, than to pleaſe my ſelf.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like th' encounter of two dog-apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, ſing; and you that will not, hold your tongues——

Ami. Well, I'll end the ſong. Sirs, cover the while; the

Duke will dine under this tree; he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too diſputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heav'n thanks, and make no boaſt of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition ſhun,
And loves to lye i'th' ſun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verſe to this note, that I made yeſterday in deſpight of my invention.

Ami. And I'll ſing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

If it do come to paſs,
That any man turn aſs;
Leaving his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborn will to pleaſe,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
Here ſhall he ſee
Groſs fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *duc ad me?*

Jaq. 'Tis a *Greek* invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go ſleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail againſt all the firſt-born of *Egypt*.

Ami. And I'll go ſeek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Enter* Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear maſter, I can go no further; O, I die for food! here lye I down, and meaſure out my grave. Farewel, kind maſter.

Orla. Why, how now, *Adam!* no greater heart in thee? live a little, comfort a little, cheer thy ſelf a little. If

this

this uncouth foreſt yield any thing ſavage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee: thy conceit is nearer death, than thy powers. For my ſake be comfortable, hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee preſently, and if I bring thee not ſomething to eat, I'll give thee leave to die. But if thou dieſt before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well ſaid, thou look'ſt cheerly. And I'll be with thee quickly; yet thou lyeſt in the bleak air. Come, I will bear thee to ſome ſhelter, and thou ſhalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this deſart. Cheerly, good *Adam*.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Duke Sen. and Lords. [*A table ſet out.*

Duke Sen. I think he is transform'd into a beaſt,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Here was he merry, hearing of a ſong.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars, grow muſical,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the ſpheres:
Go ſeek him, tell him I would ſpeak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 *Lord.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Sen. Why how now, Monſieur, what a life is this,
That your poor friends muſt woo your company?
What? you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool; I met a fool i'th' foreſt,
A motley fool, a miſerable varlet,
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on lady fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, 'till heaven hath ſent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his poak,
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says, very wiſely, it is ten a clock:
Thus may we ſee, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago ſince it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

And ſo from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative;
And I did laugh ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! one that hath been a courtier,
And ſays, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biſket
After a voyage, he hath ſtrange places cram'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou ſhalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only ſuit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe, for ſo fools have;
And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: and why, Sir, muſt they ſo?
The why is plain, as way to pariſh church;
He, whom a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob. If not,
The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquand'ring glances of a fool.
Inveſt me in my motley, give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee, I can tell what thou wouldſt do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke Sen. Moſt miſchievous foul ſin, in chiding ſin:

For

For thou thy ſelf haſt been a libertine,
As ſenſual as the brutiſh ſting it ſelf;
And all th' emboſſed ſores and headed evils,
That thou with licenſe of free foot haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
'Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay the city-woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays his bravery is not on my coſt
Thinking that I mean him, but therein ſuits
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech?
There then: how then? let me then ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

SCENE VIII.

Enter Orlando, *with his ſword drawn.*

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orla. Nor ſhalt not, 'till neceſſity be ſerv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind ſhould this cock come?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy diſtreſs?
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?

Orla. You touch'd my vein at firſt; the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſs hath ta'en from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth civility; yet am I in-land bred,
And know ſome nurture: but forbear, I ſay:
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are anſwered.

Jaq. If you will not
Be anſwered with reaſon, I muſt die.

Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleneſs ſhall force,
More than your force move us to gentleneſs.

Orla. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orla. Speak you ſo gently? pardon me, I pray you;
I thought that all things had been ſavage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this deſart inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever ſate at any good man's feaſt;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And known what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be,
In the which hope I bluſh and hide my ſword.

Duke Sen. True is it that we have ſeen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And ſate at good men's feaſts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that ſacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore ſit you down in gentleneſs,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ſtep
Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſs'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waſte 'till your return.

Orla. I thank ye; and be bleſs'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Duke Sen. Thou ſeeſt we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and univerſal theatre
Preſents more woful pageants than the ſcene
Wherein we play.

Jaq.

Jaq. All the world is a ſtage,
And all the men and women meerly players;
They have their *exits* and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
And then the whining ſchool-boy with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning-face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then a ſoldier,
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the Juſtice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe, well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and meer oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

SCENE X. *Enter* Orlando *with* Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome: ſet down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

Orla. I thank you moſt for him.

Adam. So had you need,
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thank you for my ſelf.

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you,
As yet to queſtion you about your fortunes.
Give us ſome muſick, and, good couſin, ſing.

SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind

As

As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Thou cauſeſt not that teen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho, ſing heigh ho, unto the green holly;
Moſt friendſhip is feigning; moſt loving meer folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly,
This life is moſt jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
Thou doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friend rememb'ring not,
Heigh ho, ſing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir *Rowland*'s ſon,
As you have whiſper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſs,
Moſt truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I'm the Duke
That lov'd your father. The reſidue of your fortune
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy maſter is;
Support him by the arm; give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes underſtand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Palace. Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke. NOT ſee him ſince? Sir, Sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I ſhould not ſeek an abſent argument
Of my revenge, thou preſent: but look to it,
Find out thy brother whereſoe'er he is,
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To ſeek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands,
'Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brother's mouth

Of

Of what we think againſt thee.

Oli. O that your Highneſs knew my heart in this: I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou. Well, puſh him out of doors, And let my officers of ſuch a nature Make an extent upon his houſe and lands: Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Foreſt.*

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Hang there, my verſe, in witneſs of my love;
And thou, thrice crowned Queen of night, ſurvey
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſphere above,
Thy huntreſs' name that my full life doth ſway.
O *Roſalind*, theſe trees ſhall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this foreſt looks,
Shall ſee thy virtue witneſs'd every where.
Run, run, *Orlando*, carve on every tree
The fair, the chaſte, and unexpreſſive ſhe. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Corin *and* Clown.

Cor. And how like you this ſhepherd's life, Mr. *Touchſtone?*

Clo. Truly, ſhepherd, in reſpect of it ſelf, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepherd's life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it very well; but in reſpect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth me well; but in reſpect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomach. Haſt any philoſophy in thee, ſhepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is: and that he that wants mony, means, and content, is without three good friends. That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good paſture makes fat ſheep; and that a great cauſe of the night, is lack of the ſun: that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of bad breeding, and comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philoſopher. Waſt ever in court, ſhepherd? *Cor.*

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope ——

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill-roaſted egg, all on one ſide.

Cor. For not being at court? your reaſon.

Clo. Why, if thou never waſt at court, thou never ſaw'ſt good manners; if thou never ſaw'ſt good manners, then thy manners muſt be wicked; and wickedneſs is ſin, and ſin is damnation: thou art in a parlous ſtate, ſhepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchſtone*: thoſe that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is moſt mockable at the court. You told me, you ſalute not at the court, but you kiſs your hands; that courteſie would be uncleanly, if courtiers were ſhepherds.

Clo. Inſtance, briefly; come, inſtance.

Cor. Why, we are ſtill handling our ewes; and their fels, you know, are greaſie.

Clo. Why, do not your courtiers hands ſweat? and is not the greaſe of mutton as wholſome as the ſweat of a man? ſhallow, ſhallow; a better inſtance, I ſay: come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feel them the ſooner. Shallow again: a ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the ſurgery of our ſheep; and would you have us kiſs tar? the courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Clo. Moſt ſhallow man: thou worms-meat, in reſpect of a good piece of fleſh indeed; learn of the wiſe and perpend; civet is of a baſer birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the inſtance, ſhepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll reſt.

Clo. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God help thee, ſhallow man; God make inciſion in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happineſs; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greateſt of my pride is, to ſee my ewes graze, and my lambs ſuck.

Clo.

Clo. That is another ſimple ſin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be a bawd to a bell-weather, and to betray a ſhe-lamb of a twelvemonth old to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of all reaſonable match. If thou be'ſt not damn'd for this, the devil himſelf will have no ſhepherds; I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhould'ſt 'ſcape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. *Ganimed*, my new miſtreſs's brother.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Roſalind *with a paper.*

Roſ. *From the eaſt to the weſtern* Inde,
No jewel is like Roſalind.
Her worth being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Roſalind.
All the pictures fairеſt lin'd,
Are but black to Roſalind;
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Roſalind.

Clo. I'll rhime you ſo eight years together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rate to market.

Roſ. Out, fool!

Clo. For a taſte.
If a hart doth lack a hind,
Let him ſeek out Roſalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be ſure will Roſalind.
Winter garments muſt be lin'd,
So muſt ſlender Roſalind.
They that reap muſt ſheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Roſalind.
Sweeteſt nut hath ſoureſt rind,
Such a nut is Roſalind.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will find,
Muſt find love's prick, and Roſalind.

This is the very falſe gallop of verſes; why do you infect your ſelf with them?

Roſ. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Roſ. I'll graff it with you, and then I ſhall graff it with

a medler; then it will be the earlieſt fruit i' th' country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have ſaid; but whether wiſely or no, let the foreſt judge.

SCENE V. *Enter* Celia *with a writing.*

Roſ. Peace, here comes my ſiſter reading, ſtand aſide.

Cel. *Why ſhould this a deſart be?*
For it is unpeopled. No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That ſhall civil ſayings ſhow.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the ſtretching of a ſpan
Buckles in his ſum of age;
Some of violated vows,
'Twixt the ſouls of friend and friend;
But upon the faireſt boughs,
Or at every ſentence end,
Will I Roſalinda *write;*
Teaching all that read to know
This quinteſſence of every ſprite,
Heaven would in little ſhow.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd,
That one body ſhould be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd;
Nature preſently diſtill'd
Helen's *cheeks, but not her heart,*
Cleopatra's *majeſty;*
Atalanta's *better part,*
Sad Lucretia's *modeſty.*
Thus Roſalind *of many parts*
By heav'nly ſynod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches deareſt priz'd.
Heav'n would that ſhe theſe gifts ſhould have,
And I to live and die her ſlave.

Roſ. O moſt gentle *Jupiter!* what tedious homily of love have you wearied your pariſhioners withal, and never cry'd, have patience, good people?

Cel.

Cel. How now, back-friends! ſhepherd, go off a little: go with him, ſirrah.

Clo. Come, ſhepherd, let us make an honourable retreat, tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage.

[*Exe.* Cor. *and* Clown.

SCENE VI.

Cel. Didſt thou hear theſe verſes?

Roſ. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for ſome of them had in them more feet than the verſes would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verſes.

Roſ. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themſelves without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou hear without wondring, how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carv'd upon theſe trees?

Roſ. I was ſeven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came: for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never ſo be-rhimed ſince *Pythagoras*'s time, that I was an *Iriſh* rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Roſ. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Roſ. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and ſo encounter.

Roſ. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Roſ. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and moſt wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping—

Roſ. Odd's, my complexion! doſt thou think, though I am capariſon'd like a man, I have a doublet and a hoſe in my diſpoſition? one inch of delay more is a ſouth-ſea off diſcovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and ſpeak apace; I would thou could'ſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as

wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Roſ. Is he of God's making? what manner of man? is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Roſ. Why, God will ſend more, if the man will be thankful; let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that tripp'd up the wreſtler's heels and your heart both in an inſtant.

Roſ. Nay, but the devil take mocking; ſpeak, ſad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Roſ. Orlando!

Cel. Orlando.

Roſ. Alas the day, what ſhall I do with my doublet and hoſe? what did he, when thou ſaw'ſt him? what ſaid he? how look'd he? wherein went he? what makes him here? did he aſk for me? where remains he? how parted he with thee? and when ſhalt thou ſee him again? anſwer me in one word.

Cel. You muſt borrow me *Garagantua*'s mouth firſt; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's ſize: to ſay ay and no to theſe particulars is more than to anſwer in a catechiſm.

Roſ. But doth he know that I am in this foreſt, and in man's apparel? looks he as freſhly as he did the day he wreſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſie to count atoms as to reſolve the propoſitions of a lover: but take a taſte of my finding him, and reliſh it with good obſervance. I found him under an oak-tree like a dropp'd acorn.

Roſ. It may well be call'd *Jove*'s tree, when it drops forth ſuch fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he ſtretch'd along like a wounded Knight.

Roſ. Tho' it be pity to ſee ſuch a ſight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel.

Cel. Cry holla to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a hunter.

Roſ. O ominous, he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burthen; thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman? what I think I muſt ſpeak: ſweet, ſay on.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Orlando *and* Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Roſ. 'Tis he; ſlink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but good faith, I had as lief have been my ſelf alone.

Orla. And ſo had I; but yet for faſhion ſake, I thank you too for your ſociety.

Jaq. God b'w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Jaq. I pray you, marr no more trees with writing love-ſongs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you, marr no more of my verſes with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. *Roſalind* is your love's name.

Orla. Yes, juſt.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleaſing you when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Jaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orla. Juſt as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty anſwers; have you not been acquainted with goldſmiths wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orla. Not ſo: but I anſwer you right in the ſtile of the painted cloth, from whence you have ſtudied your queſtions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of *Atalanta*'s heels. Will you ſit down with me, and we two will rail againſt our miſtreſs, the world, and all our miſery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world but my ſelf, againſt whom I know no faults.

Jaq. The worſt fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your beſt virtue; I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Jaq. There I ſhall ſee mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll ſtay no longer with you; farewel, good ſignior love. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Orla. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monſieur melancholy.

Roſ. I will ſpeak to him like a ſawcy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him: do you hear, forreſter?

Orla. Very well; what would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orla. You ſhould aſk me what time o' day; there's no clock in the foreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true lover in the foreſt; elſe ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the ſwift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Roſ. By no means, Sir: time travels in divers paces with divers perſons; I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtill withal.

Orla. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Roſ. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is ſolemniz'd: if the interim be but a ſennight, time's pace is ſo hard that it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal?

Roſ. With a prieſt that lacks latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one ſleeps eaſily becauſe he cannot ſtudy, and the other lives merrily becauſe he feels no pain; the one lacking the burthen of lean and waſteful learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury. Theſe time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Roſ.

Roſ. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orla. Whom ſtays it withal?

Roſ. With lawyers in the vacation; for they ſleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Roſ. With this ſhepherdeſs my ſiſter; here in the ſkirts of the foreſt, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you native of this place?

Roſ. As the cony that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is ſomething finer than you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling.

Roſ. I have been told ſo of many; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew courtſhip too well; for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures againſt it. I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Roſ. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as half pence are; every one fault ſeeming monſtrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I pr'ythee, recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No; I will not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the foreſt, that abuſes our young plants with carving *Roſalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forſooth, deifying the name of *Roſalind*. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he that is ſo love-ſhak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Roſ. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of ruſhes I am ſure you are not priſoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Roſ. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and

and ſunken, which you have not; an unqueſtionable ſpirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not, but I pardon you for that, for ſimply your Having in beard is a younger brother's revenue; then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbutton'd, your ſhoe untied, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſs deſolation; but you are no ſuch man, you are rather poin-device in your accoutrements, as loving your ſelf, than ſeeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Roſ. Me believe it? you may as ſoon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, ſhe is apter to do than to confeſs ſhe does; that is one of the points in the which women ſtill give the lie to their conſciences. But in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the trees, wherein *Roſalind* is ſo admired?

Orla. I ſwear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Roſalind*, I am he, that unfortunate he.

Roſ. But are you ſo much in love as your rhimes ſpeak?

Orla. Neither rhime nor reaſon can expreſs how much.

Roſ. Love is meerly a madneſs, and, I tell you, deſerves as well a dark houſe and a whip as mad men do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſh'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: yet I profeſs curing it by counſel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miſtreſs: and I ſet him every day to woo me. At which time would I, being but a mooniſh youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of tears, full of ſmiles; for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the moſt part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forſwear him; now weep for him, then ſpit at him; that I drave my ſuitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madneſs, which was to forſwear the full ſtream of the world, and to live in a nook meerly monaſtick; and thus I cur'd him, and this

way

way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a ſound ſheep's heart, that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Roſ. I would cure you if you would but call me *Roſalind*, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Roſ. Go with me to it, and I will ſhew it you; and by the way you ſhall tell me where in the foreſt you live: will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Roſ. Nay, nay, you muſt call me *Roſalind*: come, ſiſter, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Enter Clown*, Audrey *and* Jaques.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your goats, *Audrey*; and now, *Audrey*, am I the man yet? doth my ſimple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, lord warrant us! what features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the moſt capricious poet honeſt *Ovid* was among the *Goths*.

Jaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worſe than *Jove* in a thatch'd houſe.

Clo. When a man's verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a man's good wit ſeconded with the forward child, underſtanding; it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reeking in a little room: truly I would the Gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is; is it honeſt in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Clo. No truly; for the trueſt poetry is the moſt feigning, and lovers are given to poetry, and what they ſwear in poetry, may be ſaid as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wiſh then that the Gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do truly; for thou ſwear'ſt to me thou art honeſt: now if thou wert a poet, I might have ſome hope thou didſt feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honeſt?

Clo.

Clo. No truly, unleſs thou wert hard favour'd; for honeſty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a ſawce to ſugar.

Jaq. A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honeſt.

Clo. Truly, and to caſt away honeſty upon a foul ſlut were to put good meat into an unclean diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praiſed be the Gods for thy foulneſs! ſluttiſhneſs may come hereafter: but be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the foreſt, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain ſee this meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy.

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horn-beaſts. But what tho'? courage. As horns are odious, they are neceſſary. It is ſaid, many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting; horns? even ſo—poor men alone?—no, no, the nobleſt deer hath them as huge as the raſcal: is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? no. As a wall'd town is worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a batchelor; and by how much defence is better than no ſkill, ſo much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir *Oliver*: Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, you are well met. Will you diſpatch us here under this tree, or ſhall we go with you to your chappel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly ſhe muſt be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed! I'll give her.

Clo. Good even, good maſter what ye call: how do you, Sir?

Sir? you are very well met: God'ild you for your laſt company! I am very glad to ſee you; even a toy in hand here, Sir: nay; pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, *Motley?*

Clo. As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horſe his curb, and the faulcon his bells, ſo man hath his deſire; and as pigeons bill, ſo wedlock would be nibling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a buſh like a beggar? get you to church, and have a good prieſt that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but join you together as they join wainſcot; then one of you will prove a ſhrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Clo. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuſe for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counſel thee.

Clo. Come, ſweet *Audrey*, we muſt be married, or we muſt live in bawdry: farewel, good Mr. *Oliver*; not O ſweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver*, leave me not behind thee; but wind away, be gone, I ſay, I will not to wedding with thee.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantaſtical knave of them all ſhall flout me out of my calling. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Enter* Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſ. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Celia. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to conſider that tears do not become a man.

Roſ. But have I not cauſe to weep?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire, therefore weep.

Roſ. His very hair is of a diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than *Judas*'s: marry his kiſſes are *Judas*'s own children.

Roſ. I'faith his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your cheſnut was ever the only colour.

Roſ. And his kiſſing is as full of ſanctity as the touch of holy beard.*

* Meaning the kiſs of charity from Hermits and holy men.

Cel.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of caſt lips of *Diana*; a nun of winter's ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſly; the very ice of chaſtity is in them.

Roſ. But why did he ſwear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly there is no truth in him.

Roſ. Do you think ſo?

Cel. Yes, I think he is not a pick-purſe, nor a horſe-ſtealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Roſ. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Roſ. You have heard him ſwear downright he was.

Cel. *Was*, is not, *is*; beſides, the oath of a lover is no ſtronger than the word of a tapſter; they are both the confirmers of falſe reckonings; he attends here in the foreſt on the Duke your father.

Roſ. I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him: he aſkt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he; ſo he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers when there is ſuch a man as *Orlando*?

Cel. O, that's a brave man, he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely; quite travers athwart the heart of his lover, as a puiſny tilter, that ſpurs his horſe but on one ſide, breaks his ſtaff like a noſe-quill'd gooſe; but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides: who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Miſtreſs and maſter, you have oft enquir'd
After the ſhepherd that complain'd of love,
Whom you ſaw ſitting by me on the turf,
Praiſing the proud diſdainful ſhepherdeſs
That was his miſtreſs.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truly plaid
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain;
Go hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it,

Roſ.

Roſ. O come, let us remove;
The ſight of lovers feedeth thoſe in love:
Bring us but to this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
I'll prove a buſy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *Enter* Sylvius *and* Phebe.

Syl. Sweet *Phebe*, do not ſcorn me, do not, *Phebe*;
Say that you love me not, but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs; the common executioner,
Whoſe heart th' accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon: will you ſterner be
Than he that lives and thrives by bloody drops?

Enter Roſalind, Celia *and* Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'ſt me there is murther in mine eyes;
'Tis pretty, ſure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to ſwoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou canſt not, oh for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lie not, to ſay mine eyes are murtherers.
Now ſhew the wound mine eyes have made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some ſcar of it; lean but upon a ruſh,
The cicatrice and capable impreſſure
Thy palm ſome moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor I am ſure, there is no force in eyes
That can do any hurt.

Syl. O my dear *Phebe*,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in ſome freſh cheek the power of fancy,
Then ſhall you know the wound's inviſible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But 'till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,

Affliet me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As 'till that time I ſhall not pity thee.

Roſ. And why, I pray you? who might be your mother,
That you inſult, exult and domineer
Over the wretched? what though you have ſome beauty,
(As, by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Muſt you be therefore proud and pitileſs?
Why, what means this? why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's ſale-work: odds my little life,
I think ſhe means to tangle mine eyes too:
No, faith, proud miſtreſs, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip.
You fooliſh ſhepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy ſouth puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thouſand times a properer man
Than ſhe a woman. 'Tis ſuch fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children;
'Tis not her glaſs, but you that flatter her,
And out of you ſhe ſees her ſelf more proper
Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her.
But, miſtreſs, know your ſelf, down on your knees,
And thank heav'n, faſting, for a good man's love;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer,
* Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer:
So take her to thee, ſhepherd; fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Roſ. He's fallen in love with her foulneſs, and ſhe'll fall in love with my anger. If it be ſo, as faſt as ſhe anſwers thee with frowning looks, I'll ſauce her with bitter words: Why look you ſo upon me?

Phe. For no ill-will I bear you.

Roſ. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,

* By the word *foul* here is meant *frowning, lowring.*

For

For I am falſer than vows made in wine;
Beſides, I like you not. If you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by:
Will you go, ſiſter? ſhepherd, ply her hard:
Come, ſiſter; ſhepherdeſs, look on him better,
And be not proud; tho' all the world could ſee ye
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Ex.* Roſ. Cel. *and* Cor.

Phe. 'Deed, ſhepherd, now I find thy ſaw of might,
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight?

Syl. Sweet *Phebe!*

Phe. Hah: what ſay'ſt thou, *Sylvius?*

Syl. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am ſorry for thee, gentle *Sylvius.*

Syl. Where-ever ſorrow is, relief would be;
If you do ſorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your ſorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou haſt my love; is not that neighbourly?

Syl. I would have you.

Phebe. Why, that were covetouſneſs.
Sylvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But ſince that thou canſt talk of love ſo well,
Thy company, which erſt was irkſome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence
Than thine own gladneſs that thou art employ'd.

Syl. So holy and ſo perfect is my love,
And ſuch a poverty of grace attends it,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe now and then
A ſcattered ſmile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'ſt thou the youth that ſpoke to me erewhile?

Syl. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old *Carlot* once was maſter of.

Phe. Think not I love him, tho' I aſk for him:
'Tis but a peeviſh boy, yet he talks well,

But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that ſpeaks them pleaſes thoſe that hear.
It is a pretty youth, not very pretty;
But ſure he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man; the beſt thing in him
Is his complexion; and faſter than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up:
He is not tall, yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but ſo ſo, and yet 'tis well;
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip,
A little riper and more luſty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red and mingled damaſk.
There be ſome women, *Sylvius*, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
And, now I am remembred, ſcorn'd at me;
I marvel why I anſwer'd not again,
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou ſhalt bear it; wilt thou, *Sylvius*?

Syl. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it ſtraight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort:
Go with me, *Sylvius*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continues in the Foreſt.

Enter Roſalind, Celia *and* Jaques.

Jaq. I Pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Roſ. They ſay you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am ſo; I do love it better than laughing.

Roſ. Thoſe that are in extremity of either are abomina-

ble.

ble fellows, and betray themſelves to every modern cenſure, worſe than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be ſad, and ſay nothing.

Roſ. Why then 'tis good to be a poſt.

Jaq. I have neither the ſcholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the muſician's, which is fantaſtical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the ſoldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all theſe; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many ſimples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the ſundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſs.

Roſ. A traveller! by my faith, you have great reaſon to be ſad: I fear you have ſold your own lands, to ſee other mens; then, to have ſeen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd experience.

Enter Orlando.

Roſ. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me ſad, and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day, and happineſs, dear *Roſalind!*

Jaq. Nay, then God b'w'y you, an you talk in blank verſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Roſ. Farewel, monſieur traveller; look you liſp, and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will ſcarce think you have ſwam in a Gondola. Why, how now, *Orlando*, where have you been all this while? You a lover? an you ſerve me ſuch another trick, never come in my ſight more.

Orla. My fair *Roſalind*, I come within an hour of my promiſe.

Roſ. Break an hour's promiſe in love! he that will divide a minute into a thouſand parts, and break but a part of the thouſandth part of a minute in the affairs of love,

it may be ſaid of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him o'th' ſhoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear *Roſalind.*

Roſ. Nay, an you be ſo tardy, come no more in my ſight; I had as lief be woo'd of a ſnail.

Orla. Of a ſnail?

Roſ. Ay, of a ſnail; for tho' he comes ſlowly, he carries his houſe on his head: a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman; beſides, he brings his deſtiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Roſ. Why, horns; which ſuch as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for; but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the ſlander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my *Roſalind* is virtuous.

Roſ. And I am your *Roſalind.*

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo; but he hath a *Roſalind* of a better leer than you.

Roſ. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holyday humour, and like enough to conſent: what would you ſay to me now, an I were your very very *Roſalind?*

Orla. I would kiſs before I ſpoke.

Roſ. Nay, you were better ſpeak firſt, and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſs. Very good orators, when they are out, they will ſpit; and for lovers lacking, God warn us, matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſs.

Orla. How if the kiſs be denied?

Roſ. Then ſhe puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved miſtreſs?

Roſ. Marry that ſhould you if I were your miſtreſs, or I ſhould think my honeſty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my ſuit?

Roſ. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your ſuit. Am not I your *Roſalind?*

Orla. I take ſome joy to ſay you are, becauſe I would be talking of her.

Roſ.

Roſ. Well, in her perſon I ſay I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own perſon I die.

Roſ. No, faith, die by attorney; the poor world is almoſt ſix thouſand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own perſon, *videlicet*, in a love-cauſe: *Troilus* had his brains daſh'd out with a *Grecian* club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair year, tho' *Hero* had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midſummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to waſh in the *Helleſpont*, and being taken with the cramp was drown'd; and the fooliſh coroners of that age found it *Hero* of *Seſtos*. But theſe are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right *Roſalind* of this mind; for I proteſt her frown might kill me.

Roſ. By this hand, it will not kill a flie; but come; now I will be your *Roſalind* in a more coming-on diſpoſition; and aſk me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, *Roſalind*.

Roſ. Yes faith will I, *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Roſ. Ay, and twenty ſuch.

Orla. What ſay'ſt thou?

Roſ. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope ſo.

Roſ. Why then, can one deſire too much of a good thing? come, ſiſter, you ſhall be the prieſt, and marry us. Give me your hand, *Orlando*; what do you ſay, Siſter?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot ſay the words.

Roſ. You muſt begin, will you *Orlando* ——

Cel. Go to: will you *Orlando* have to wife this *Roſalind*?

Orla. I will.

Roſ. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now, as faſt as ſhe can marry us.

Roſ. Then you muſt ſay, I take thee *Roſalind* for wife.

Orla. I take thee *Roſalind* for wife.

Roſ. I might aſk you for your commiſſion, but I do

take thee *Orlando* for my huſband: there's a girl goes before the prieſt, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Roſ. Now tell me how long you would love her after you have poſſeſt her.

Orla. For ever and a day.

Roſ. Say a day without the ever: no, no, *Orlando*, men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed: maids are *May* when they are maids, but the ſky changes when they are wives; I will be more jealous of thee than a *Barbary* cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot againſt rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my deſires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain, and I will do that when you are diſpos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclin'd to ſleep.

Orla. But will my *Roſalind* do ſo?

Roſ. By my life, ſhe will do as I do.

Orla. O, but ſhe is wiſe.

Roſ. Or elſe ſhe could not have the wit to do this; the wiſer, the waywarder: make the doors faſt upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the caſement; ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; ſtop that, it will fly with the ſmoak out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit, he might ſay, wit, whither wilt?

Roſ. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuſe that?

Roſ. Marry, to ſay ſhe came to ſeek you there: you ſhall never take her without her anſwer, unleſs you take her without her tongue. O that woman, that cannot make her fault her huſband's accuſation, let her never nurſe her child her ſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a fool!

Orla. For theſe two hours, *Roſalind*, I will leave thee.

Roſ. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I muſt attend the Duke at dinner, by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Roſ. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you

you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no leſs; that flattering tongue of yours won me; 'tis but one caſt away, and ſo come death: two o'th' clock is your hour?

Orla. Ay, ſweet *Roſalind*.

Roſ. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promiſe, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the moſt pathetical break-promiſe, and the moſt hollow lover, and the moſt unworthy of her you call *Roſalind*, that may be choſen out of the groſs band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my cenſure, and keep your promiſe.

Orla. With no leſs religion than if thou wert indeed my *Roſalind*; ſo adieu.

Roſ. Well, time is the old juſtice that examines all ſuch offenders, and let time try. Adieu. [*Exit* Orla.

SCENE III.

Cel. You have ſimply miſus'd our ſex in your love-prate: we muſt have your doublet and hoſe pluck'd over your head, and ſhew the world what the bird hath done to her own neſt.

Roſ. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathom deep I am in love; but it cannot be ſounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of *Portugal*.

Cel. Or rather bottomleſs, that as faſt as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Roſ. No, that ſame wicked baſtard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of ſpleen, and born of madneſs, that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes every one's eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love; I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the ſight of *Orlando*: I'll go find a ſhadow, and ſigh 'till he come.

Cel. And I'll ſleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Jaques, *Lords, and Foreſters.*

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's preſent him to the Duke like a *Roman* conqueror,

queror, and it would do well to ſet the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory; have you no ſong, foreſter, for this purpoſe?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noiſe enough.

Muſick, Song.

What ſhall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather ſkin and horns to wear;
Then ſing him home; Take thou no ſcorn
[The reſt ſhall bear this burthen.
To wear the horn, the horn, the horn:
It was a creſt ere thou waſt born.
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy own father bore it,
The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Enter* Roſalind *and* Celia.

Roſ. How ſay you now, is it not paſt two o'clock? I wonder much *Orlando* is not here.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to ſleep: look who comes here.

Enter Sylvius.

Syl. My errand is to you, fair youth,
My gentle *Phebe* bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but as I gueſs
By the ſtern brow and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs meſſenger.

Roſ. Patience her ſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
[*After reading the letter.*
And play the ſwaggerer; bear this, bear all.
She ſays I am not fair, that I lack manners,
She calls me proud, and that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix: odd's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes ſhe ſo to me? well, ſhepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Syl.

Syl. No, I proteſt I know not the contents, *Phebe* did write it.

Roſ. Come, come, you're a fool,
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
I ſaw her hand, ſhe has a leathern hand,
A free-ſtone-coloured hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huſwife's hand, but that's no matter;
I ſay ſhe never did invent this letter,
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Syl. Sure it is hers.

Roſ. Why, 'tis a boiſterous and a cruel ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers; why, ſhe defies me,
Like *Turk* to Chriſtian; woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth ſuch giant rude invention,
Such *Ethiop* words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance; will you hear the letter?

Syl. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of *Phebe*'s cruelty.

Roſ. She *Phebe*'s me; mark how the tyrant writes.
[Reads.] *Art thou God to ſhepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?
Can a woman rail thus?

Syl. Call you this railing?

Roſ. [Reads.] *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
Warr'ſt thou with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear ſuch railing?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beaſt.
If the ſcorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me, what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me;
And by him ſeal up thy mind,
Whether that thy youth and kind

Will

Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Syl. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor ſhepherd!

Roſ. Do you pity him? no, he deſerves no pity: wilt thou love ſuch a woman? what, to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrains upon thee? not to be endured! well, go your way to her, for I ſee love hath made thee a tame ſnake, and ſay this to her, that if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee: if ſhe will not, I will never have her, unleſs thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit* Syl.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlews of this foreſt ſtands
A ſheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. Weſt of this place down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of oſiers, by the murmuring ſtream
Left on your right-hand, brings you to the place;
But at this hour the houſe doth keep it ſelf,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then ſhould I know you by deſcription,
Such garments, and ſuch years: the boy is fair,
Of female favour, and beſtows himſelf
Like a ripe Siſter: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the houſe I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boaſt, being aſk'd, to ſay we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his *Roſalind*
He ſends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Roſ. I am; what muſt we underſtand by this?

Oli. Some of my ſhame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was ſtain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli.

Oli. When laſt the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promiſe to return again
Within two hours; and pacing through the foreſt,
Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancy,
Lo what befel! he threw his eye aſide,
And mark what object did preſent it ſelf.
Under an oak, whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
And high top bald, of dry antiquity;
A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd it ſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but ſuddenly
Seeing *Orlando* it unlink'd it ſelf,
And with indented glides did ſlip away
Into a buſh, under which buſh's ſhade
A Lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir; for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead:
This ſeen, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him ſpeak of that ſame brother,
And he did render him the moſt unnatural
That liv'd 'mongſt men.

Oli. And well he might ſo do;
For well I know he was unnatural.

Roſ. But to *Orlando*; did he leave him there
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry lioneſs?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſs nobler ever than revenge,
And nature ſtronger than his juſt occaſion,
Made him give battel to the lioneſs:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miſerable ſlumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Roſ. Was't you he reſcu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did ſo oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.

Roſ. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.
When from the firſt to laſt, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had moſt kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that deſart place;
In brief he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me freſh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love,
Who led me inſtantly unto his cave,
There ſtripp'd himſelf, and here upon his arm
The lioneſs had torn ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon *Roſalind.*
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am,
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the ſhepherd youth
That he in ſport doth call his *Roſalind.*

Cel. Why, how now, *Ganimed*, ſweet *Ganimed*?
[Roſ. *faints.*

Oli. Many will ſwoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is no more in't: couſin *Ganimed!*

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Roſ. Would I were at home!

Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth; you a man? you lack a man's heart.

Roſ. I do ſo, I confeſs it. Ah, Sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great teſtimony in your complexion that it was a paſſion of earneſt.

Roſ. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

Oli.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Roſ. So I do: but, i' faith, I ſhould have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards; good Sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I; for I muſt bear anſwer back
How you excuſe my brother, *Roſalind.*

Roſ. I ſhall deviſe ſomething; but I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him: will you go? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Foreſt. *Enter* Clown *and* Audrey.

Clo. WE ſhall find a time, *Audrey*; patience, gentle *Audrey.*

Aud. Faith, the prieſt was good enough, for all the old Gentleman's ſaying.

Clo. A moſt wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Audrey*, a moſt vile *Mar-text!* but, *Audrey*, there is a youth here in the foreſt lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no intereſt in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to ſee a clown; by my troth, we that have good wits have much to anſwer for; we ſhall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n, *Audrey.*

Aud. God ye good ev'n, *William.*

Will. And good ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: is thy name *William?*

Will. William, Sir.

Clo. A fair name. Waſt born i'th' foreſt here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: a good anſwer: art rich?

Will. 'Faith, Sir, ſo ſo.

Clo. So ſo is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but ſo ſo. Art thou wiſe?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou ſay'ſt well: I do now remember a ſaying, the fool doth think he is wiſe, but the wiſe man knows himſelf to be a fool. The heathen philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, Sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; to have, is to have. For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink being poured out of a cup into a glaſs by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is he: now you are not *ipſe*; for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir?

Clo. He, Sir, that muſt marry this woman; therefore you clown, abandon; which is in the vulgar, leave the ſociety; which in the booriſh, is company, of this female; which in the common, is woman; which together is, abandon the ſociety of this female; or clown, thou periſheſt; or, to thy better underſtanding, dieſt; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; I will deal in poiſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteel; I will bandy with thee in faction, I will o'er-run thee with policy, I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good *William*.

Will. God reſt you merry, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our maſter and miſtreſs ſeek you; come away, away.

Clo. Trip, *Audrey*, trip, *Audrey*; I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Orlando *and* Oliver.

Orla. Is't poſſible that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that but ſeeing, you ſhould love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, ſhe ſhould grant? and will you perſevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddineſs of it in queſtion, the poverty

verty of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſudden wooing, nor her ſudden conſenting; but ſay with me, I love *Aliena*; ſay with her, that ſhe loves me; conſent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it ſhall be to your good: for my father's houſe, and all the revenue that was old Sir *Rowland*'s, will I eſtate upon you, and here live and die a ſhepherd.

Enter Roſalind.

Orla. You have my conſent. Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I invite the Duke and all his contented followers: go you and prepare *Aliena*; for look you, here comes my *Roſalind*.

Roſ. God ſave you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair ſiſter.

Roſ. O my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to ſee thee wear thy heart in a ſcarf!

Orla. It is my arm.

Roſ. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Roſ. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to ſwoon, when he ſhew'd me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Roſ. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing ſo ſudden, but the fight of two rams, and *Cæſar*'s thraſonical brag of I came, ſaw and overcame: for your brother and my ſiſter no ſooner met, but they look'd; no ſooner look'd, but they lov'd; no ſooner lov'd, but they ſigh'd; no ſooner ſigh'd, but they aſk'd one another the reaſon; no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedy; and in theſe degrees have they made a pair of ſtairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or elſe be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them.

Orla. They ſhall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happineſs through another man's eyes! by ſo much the more ſhall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-

heavineſs, by how much I ſhall think my brother happy in having what he wiſhes for.

Roſ. Why then to-morrow I cannot ſerve your turn for *Roſalind.*

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Roſ. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I ſpeak to ſome purpoſe, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I ſpeak not this that you ſhould bear a good opinion of my knowledge; inſomuch, I ſay, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater eſteem than may in ſome little meaſure draw a belief from you to do your ſelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things; I have, ſince I was three years old, converſt with a magician, moſt profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Roſalind* ſo near the heart as your geſture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena* you ſhall marry her. I know into what ſtreights of fortune ſhe is driven, and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to-morrow; human as ſhe is, and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

Roſ. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, tho' I ſay I am a magician: therefore put you on your beſt array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to-morrow, you ſhall; and to *Roſalind*, if you will.

SCENE III. *Enter* Sylvius *and* Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleneſs,
To ſhew the letter that I writ to you.

Roſ. I care not if I have: it is my ſtudy
To ſeem deſpiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful ſhepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worſhips you.

Phe. Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Syl. It is to be made all of ſighs and tears;
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And I for *Ganimed.*

Orla. And I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Syl.

Syl. It is to be made all of faith and ſervice;
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And I for *Ganimed.*

Orla. And I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Syl. It is to be all made of fantaſie,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes,
All adoration, duty and obſervance,
All humbleneſs, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all tryal, all obſervance;
And ſo am I for *Phebe.*

Phe. And ſo am I for *Ganimed.*

Orla. And ſo am I for *Roſalind.*

Roſ. And ſo am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?
[*To* Roſ.

Syl. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?
[*To* Phe.

Orla. If this be ſo, why blame you me to love you?

Roſ. Who do you ſpeak to, *Why blame you me to love you?*

Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Roſ. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of *Iriſh* wolves againſt the moon; I will help you if I can; I would love you if I could: to-morrow meet me all together: I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow; [*To* Phe.] I will ſatisfy you, if ever I ſatisfy'd man, and you ſhall be married to-morrow; [*To* Orl.] I will content you, if what pleaſes you contents you, and you ſhall be married to-morrow: [*To* Syl.] As you love *Roſalind*, meet; as you love *Phebe*, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Syl. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Clown *and* Audrey.

Clo. To-morrow is the joyful day, *Audrey:* to-morrow we will be married.

Aud. I do deſire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no

no diſhoneſt deſire to deſire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the baniſh'd Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honeſt gentleman.

Clo. By my troth, well met: come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

2 *Page.* We are for you, ſit i' th' middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith, and both in a tune, like two gypſies on a horſe.

SONG.

I was a lover and his laſs,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did paſs
In the ſpring-time; the pretty ſpring-time,
When birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet lovers love the ſpring.
And therefore take the preſent time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime,
In the ſpring-time, &c.
Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Theſe pretty country-folks would lye,
In the ſpring-time, &c.
The carrol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that our life was but a flower,
In the ſpring-time, &c.

Clo. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 *Page.* You are deceiv'd, Sir; and we kept time, we loſt not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes: I count it but time loſt to hear ſuch a fooliſh ſong. God b'w'y you, and God mend your voices. Come, *Audrey.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *Enter Duke Senior*, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

Duke Sen. Doſt thou believe, *Orlando*, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

Orla. I ſometimes do believe, and ſometimes do not;
As thoſe that think they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Roſalind, Sylvius, *and* Phebe.

Roſ. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:
You ſay, if I bring in your *Roſalind*, [*To the Duke.*
You will beſtow her on *Orlando* here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Roſ. And you ſay you will have her when I bring her?
[*To* Orlando.

Orla. That would I, were I of all kingdoms King.

Roſ. You ſay you'll marry me, if I be willing. [*To* Phebe.

Phe. That will I, ſhould I die the hour after.

Roſ. But if you do refuſe to marry me,
You'll give your ſelf to this moſt faithful ſhepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Roſ. You ſay, that you'll have *Phebe*, if ſhe will?
[*To* Sylvius.

Syl. Tho' to have her and death were both one thing.

Roſ. I've promis'd to make all this matter even;
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, *Orlando*, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me,
Or elſe, refuſing me, to wed this ſhepherd.
Keep your word, *Sylvius*, that you'll marry her,
If ſhe refuſe me; and from hence I go
To make theſe doubts all even. [*Exe.* Roſ. *and* Celia.

Duke Sen. I do remember in this ſhepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My Lord, the firſt time that I ever ſaw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good Lord, this boy is foreſt-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many deſperate ſtudies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obſcured in the circle of this foreſt.

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Enter Clown and* Audrey.

Jaq. There is ſure another flood toward, and theſe couples are coming to the ark. Here come a pair of unclean * beaſts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have ſo often met in the foreſt: he hath been a courtier he ſwears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation; I have trod a meaſure, I have flatter'd a lady, I have been politick with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemy, I have undone three taylors, I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the ſeventh cauſe.

Jaq. How the ſeventh cauſe? good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, Sir, I deſire of you the like: I preſs in here, Sir, amongſt the reſt of the country copulatives, to ſwear, and to forſwear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks: a poor virgin, Sir, an ill-favour'd thing, Sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, Sir, to take that that no man elſe will. Rich honeſty dwells like a miſer, Sir, in a poor houſe, as your pearl in your foul oyſter.

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very ſwift and ſententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes.†

Jaq. But for the ſeventh cauſe; how did you find the quarrel on the ſeventh cauſe?

Clo. Upon a lie ſeven times removed; (bear your body more ſeeming, *Audrey*) as thus, Sir; I did diſlike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I ſent him word again it was not well cut, he would ſend me word he cut it to

* *Noah* was order'd to take into the ark the clean beaſts by ſevens, and the unclean by pairs.

† Meaning *Love*, as what is apt to make folks ſententious.

pleaſe

pleaſe himſelf. This is call'd the quip modeſt. If again, it was not well cut, he diſabled my judgment: this is call'd the reply churliſh. If again, it was not well cut, he would anſwer, I ſpake not true: this is call'd the reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would ſay, I lied: this is call'd the countercheck quarrelſome; and ſo the lie circumſtantial, and the lie direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you ſay his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durſt go no further than the lie circumſtantial; nor he durſt not give me the lie direct, and ſo we meaſur'd ſwords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Clo. O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the retort courteous; the ſecond, the quip modeſt; the third, the reply churliſh; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelſome; the ſixth, the lie with circumſtance; the ſeventh, the lie direct. All theſe you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when ſeven Juſtices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themſelves, one of them thought but of an *If*; as, *if* you ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo; and they ſhook hands, and ſwore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uſes his folly like a ſtalking-horſe, and under the preſentation of that he ſhoots his wit.

SCENE VII.

Enter Hymen, Roſalind *in woman's cloaths, and* Celia. *Still Muſick.*

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen *from heaven brought her,*
Yea, brought her hither,

That

That thou might'ſt join her hand with his,
Whoſe heart within his boſom is.

Roſ. To you I give my ſelf; for I am yours.
[*To the Duke.*

To you I give myſelf; for I am yours. [*To* Orlando.

Duke Sen. If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.

Orla. If there be truth in ſight, you are my *Roſalind.*

Phe. If ſight and ſhape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Roſ. I'll have no father, if you be not he;
I'll have no huſband, if you be not he;
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not ſhe.

Hym. Peace, hoa! I bar confuſion:
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange events:
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To join in *Hymen*'s bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no croſs ſhall part;
You and you are heart in heart;
You to his love muſt accord,
Or have a woman to your lord.
You and you are ſure together,
As the winter to foul weather:
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we ſing,
Feed your ſelves with queſtioning:
That reaſon wonder may diminiſh,
How thus we met, and theſe things finiſh.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's *crown,*
O bleſſed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen *peoples every town,*
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown
To Hymen, *God of every town!*

Duke Sen. O my dear neice, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no leſs degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

SCENE VIII. *Enter* Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the ſecond ſon of old Sir *Rowland*,
That bring theſe tidings to this fair aſſembly.
Duke *Frederick*, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth reſorted to this foreſt,
Addreſs'd a mighty power which were on foot
In his own conduct purpoſely to take
His brother here, and put him to the ſword:
And to the ſkirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his baniſh'd brother,
And all their lands reſtor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young man:
Thou offer'ſt fairly to thy brothers wedding;
To one, his lands with-held; and to the other,
A land it ſelf at large, a potent Dukedom.
Firſt, in this foreſt, let us do thoſe ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number
That have endur'd ſhrewd days and nights with us
Shall ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Mean time, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our ruſtick revelry:
Play, muſick; and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With meaſure heap'd in joy, to th' meaſures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of theſe convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former honour I bequeath, [*To the Duke.*
Your patience and your virtue well deſerve it:
You to a love that your true faith doth merit; [*To Orla.*

You to your land, and love, and great allies; [*To* Oli.
You to a long, and well-deserved bed; [*To* Syl.
And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage [*To the Clown.*
Is but for two months victual'd: so to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Sen. Stay, *Jaques*, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed; we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnish'd like a beggar; therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering none of you hate them) to like as much as pleases them, that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman, * I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewel. [*Exeunt omnes.*

* Note, that in this Author's time the parts of women were always perform'd by men or boys.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord, before whom the Play is ſuppos'd to be play'd.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a drunken Tinker.*
Hoſteſs.
Page, Players, Huntſmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

The Perſons of the Play it ſelf are,

BAPTISTA, *Father to* Catharina *and* Bianca, *very rich.*
VINCENTIO, *an old Gentleman of* Piſa.
LUCENTIO, *Son to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
PETRUCHIO, *a Gentleman if* Verona, *a ſuitor to* Catharina.
GREMIO, } *Pretenders to* Bianca.
HORTENSIO, }
TRANIO, } *Servants to* Lucentio.
BIONDELLO, }
GRUMIO, *Servant to* Petruchio.
PEDANT, *an old fellow ſet up to perſonate* Vincentio.

CATHARINA, *the Shrew.*
BIANCA, *her Siſter.*
Widow.

Taylor, Haberdaſhers, with Servants attending on Baptiſta *and* Petruchio.

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Padua, *and ſometimes in* Petruchio's *Houſe in the Country.*

THE

THE
Taming *of the* Shrew.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *Enter* Hoſteſs *and* Sly.

Sly. I'LL pheeze you, in faith.

Hoſt. A pair of ſtocks, you rogue.

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the *Slies* are no rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*; therefore * *paucas pallabris*, let the world ſlide: Seſſa.

Hoſt. You will not pay for the glaſſes you have burſt?

Sly. No, not a deniere: † go by, *Jeronymo*, —— go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

Hoſt. I know my remedy; I muſt go fetch the Third-borough. [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll anſwer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [*Falls aſleep.*

SCENE II.

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with a train.

Lord. Huntſman, I charge thee tender well my hounds; Leech *Merriman*, the poor cur is imboſt;

* He means to ſay, *pocas palabras.*

† *Go by, Jeronymo.* was a kind of by-word in the Author's days, as appears by its being uſed in the ſame manner by *Ben. Johnſon*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, and other Writers near that time. It aroſe firſt from a paſſage in an old Play call'd *Hieronymo* or The *Spaniſh Tragedy*.

And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd Brach.
Saw'ſt thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good
At the hedge-corner in the coldeſt fault?
I would not loſe the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the meereſt loſs,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dulleſt ſcent:
Truſt me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if *Eccho* were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch.
But ſup them well, and look unto them all,
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my Lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? ſee, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold, to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. O monſtrous beaſt! how like a ſwine he lyes!
Grim death, how foul and loathſome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.
What think you if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapt in ſweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers;
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes;
Would not the beggar then forget himſelf?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuſe.

2 *Hun.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthleſs fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:
Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet wood to make the lodging ſweet.
Procure me muſick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly ſound;
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight,
And with a low ſubmiſſive reverence,
Say, what is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a ſilver baſon
Full of roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with flowers.

Another

Another bear the ewer; a third a diaper,
And ſay, will't pleaſe your lordſhip cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And aſk him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horſes,
And that his Lady mourns at his diſeaſe;
Perſwade him that he hath been lunatick.
And when he ſays he's poor, ſay that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs:
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be huſbanded with modeſty.

1 *Hun.* My Lord, I warrant you we'll play our part,
As he ſhall think, by our true diligence,
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes. [*Sound Trumpets.*
Sirrah, go ſee what trumpet 'tis that ſounds.
[Sly *is carried off.*
Belike ſome noble gentleman that means,
Travelling ſome journey, to repoſe him here.

SCENE III. *Enter Servant.*

How now? who is it?

Serv. Pleaſe your honour, Players
That offer ſervice to your lordſhip.

Lord. Well.
Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So pleaſe your lordſhip to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeſt ſon;
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name; but ſure that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Play. I think 'twas *Soto* that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true; thou didſt it excellent:
Well, you are come to me in happy time,

The

The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modeſties,
Leſt over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into ſome merry paſſion,
And ſo offend him: for I tell you, Sirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain our ſelves,
Were he the verieſt antick in the world.

2 *Play.* [*To the other.*] Go get a diſhclout to make clean your ſhoes,
And I'll ſpeak for the properties. My lord, [*Exit Player.*
We muſt have a ſhoulder of mutton, and
Some vinegar to make our devil roar.

Lord. Go, ſirrah, take them to the buttery,
Let them want nothing that the houſe affords.
[*Exit one with the Players.*
Sirrah, go you to *Bartholomew* my page,
And ſee him dreſt in all ſuits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him Madam, do him all obeiſance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)
He bear himſelf with honourable action,
Such as he hath obſerv'd in noble ladies,
Unto their lords by them accompliſhed;
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With ſoft low tongue, and lowly courteſie;
And ſay; what is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May ſhew her duty, and make known her love?
And then with kind embracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſom,
Bid him ſhed tears, as being overjoy'd
To ſee her noble lord reſtor'd to health,
Who for twice ſeven years hath eſteem'd himſelf
No better than a poor and loathſome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a ſhower of commanded tears,

An onion will do well for ſuch a ſhift,
Which in a napkin being cloſe convey'd,
Shall in deſpight enforce a wat'ry eye.
See this diſpatch'd with all the haſte thou canſt,
Anon I'll give thee more inſtructions. [*Exit Servant.*
I know the boy will well uſurp the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the drunkard huſband,
And how my men will ſtay themſelves from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant;
I'll in to counſel them: haply my preſence
May well abate the over-merry ſpleen,
Which otherwiſe would go into extreams. [*Exit Lord.*

SCENE IV. *A Bed-chamber in the Lord's Houſe.*

Enter Sly *with attendants, ſome with apparel, baſon and ewer, and other appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.*

Sly. For God's ſake a pot of ſmall ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your lordſhip drink a cup of ſack?

2 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your honour taſte of theſe conſerves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am *Chriſtophero Sly*, call not me honour, nor lordſhip: I ne'er drank ſack in my life: and if you give me any conſerves, give me conſerves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more ſtockings than legs, nor no more ſhoes than feet, nay ſometimes more feet than ſhoes, or ſuch ſhoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heav'n ceaſe this idle humour in your honour!
Oh, that a mighty man of ſuch deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? am not I *Chriſtopher Sly*, old *Sly*'s ſon of *Burton-heath*, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by tranſmutation a bearherd, and now by preſent profeſſion a tinker? ask *Marian Hacket*, the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*, if ſhe know me not; if ſhe ſay I am not fourteen-pence on the ſcore for ſheer-ale, ſcore me up for the lying'ſt knave in Chriſtendom. What?——I am not beſtraught: here's——

1 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Man.*

2 *Man.* Oh, this it is that makes your ſervants droop.
Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred ſhun your houſe,
As beaten hence by your ſtrange lunacy.
Oh noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy ſervants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have muſick? hark, *Apollo* plays,
And twenty caged nightingales do ſing.
Or wilt thou ſleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful bed
On purpoſe trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.
Say thou wilt walk, we will beſtrow the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trapp'd,
Their harneſs ſtudded all with gold and pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt hawks will ſoar
Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.
1 *Man.* Say thou wilt courſe, thy greyhounds are as ſwift
As breathed ſtags; ay, fleeter than the roe.
2 *Man.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtrait
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And *Cytherea* all in ſedges hid,
Which ſeem to move, and wanton with her breath,
Ev'n as the waving ſedges play with wind.
Lord. We'll ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds;
And at the ſight ſhall ſad *Apollo* weep:
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.
1 *Man.* And 'till the tears that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world,

And

And yet ſhe is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord, and have I ſuch a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?
I do not ſleep; I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak:
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker, nor *Chriſtopher Sly*.
Well, bring our lady hither to our ſight,
And once again, a pot o' the ſmalleſt ale.

2 *Man.* Will't pleaſe your Mightineſs to waſh your hands?
Oh, how we joy to ſee your wits reſtor'd!
Oh that once more you knew but what you are!
Theſe fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or when you wak'd, you wak'd as if you ſlept.

Sly. Theſe fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap:
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?

1 *Man.* O yes, my lord, but very idle words.
For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail'd upon by the hoſteſs of the houſe,
And ſay you would preſent her at the Leet,
Becauſe ſhe bought ſtone-jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for *Cicely Hacket*.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the houſe.

3 *Man.* Why, Sir, you know no houſe, nor no ſuch maid,
Nor no ſuch men as you have reckon'd up,
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps* o' th' Green,
And *Peter Turf*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly, By th' maſs I think I am a lord indeed.
What is thy name?

Man. Simon, an't pleaſe your honour.

Sly. Sim? that's as much as to ſay *Simeon* or *Simon*; put forth thy hand and fill the pot. [*Gives him drink.*

SCENE V. *Enter Lady with Attendants.*

Sly. I thank thee, thou ſhalt not loſe by it.

Lady. How fares my noble lord?

Sly.

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Lady. Here, noble lord, what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband? My men should call me lord, I am your good man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband, I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well: what must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. *Alce* Madam, or *Joan* Madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so lords call ladies.

Sly. Come, sit down on my knee. *Sim*, drink to her. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd, and slept above some fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone: Madam, undress you, and come now to bed. *Sim*, drink to her.

Lady. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or if not so, until the sun be set;
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed;
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long; but I would be loth to fall into my dream again: I will therefore tarry in despight of the flesh and the blood.

SCENE VI. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. Your honour's Players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing so much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy;
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play; is it not a commodity? a *Christmas* gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Lady.

Lady. No, my good lord, it is more pleaſing ſtuff.

Sly. What, houſhold ſtuff?

Lady. It is a kind of hiſtory.

Sly. Well, we'll ſee't: come, Madam wife, ſit by my ſide, and let the world ſlip, we ſhall ne'er be younger.

The TAMING *of the* SHREW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PADUA.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucentio *and* Tranio.

Luc. TRanio, ſince for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair *Padua*, nurſery of arts,
I am arriv'd from fruitful *Lombardy*,
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Moſt truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily inſtitute
A courſe of learning, and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father firſt
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio come of the *Bentivolii*;
Lucentio his ſon, brought up in *Florence*,
It ſhall become, to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudy,
To virtue and that part of philoſophy
Will I apply, that treats of happineſs,
By virtue ſpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind, for I have *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.

Tra. Me pardonato, gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as your ſelf;
Glad that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy:
Only, good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no ſtocks, I pray;
Or ſo devote to *Ariſtotle*'s checks,
As *Ovid* be an outcaſt quite abjur'd.
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practiſe rhetorick in your common talk;
Muſick and poeſie uſe to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphyſicks,
Fall to them as you find your ſtomach ſerves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure ta'en:
In brief, Sir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.

Luc. Gramercy, *Tranio*, well doſt thou adviſe;
If, *Biondello*, thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſs,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in *Padua* ſhall beget:
But ſtay a while, what company is this?

Tra. Maſter, ſome ſhow to welcome us to town!

SCENE II.

Enter Baptiſta *with* Catharina *and* Bianca, Gremio *and* Hortenſio. Lucentio *and* Tranio *ſtand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen both, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd you know;
That is, not to beſtow my youngeſt daughter,
Before I have a huſband for the elder:
If either of you both love *Catharina*,
Becauſe I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your pleaſure.

Gre. To cart her rather. She's too rough for me.
There, there, *Hortenſio*, will you any wife?

Cath. I pray you, Sir, is it your will and pleaſure
To make a ſtale of me amongſt theſe mates?

Hor. Mates, maid, how mean you that? no mates for you;
Unleſs you were of gentler milder mould.

Cath. I'faith, Sir, you ſhall never need to fear,

I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care ſhall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtool,
And paint your face, and uſe you like a fool.
Hor. From all ſuch devils, good Lord, deliver me.
Gre. And me too, O good Lord.
Tra. Huſh, maſter, here is ſome good paſtime toward,
That wench is ſtark mad, or wonderful froward
Luc. But in the other's ſilence I do ſee
Maids mild behaviour and ſobriety.
Peace, *Tranio.*
Tra. Why, well ſaid, maſter; mum, and gaze your fill. } *Aſide.*
Bap. Come, Gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid, *Bianca*, get you in,
And let it not diſpleaſe thee, good *Bianca*,
For I will love thee ne'er the leſs, my girl.
Catb. A pretty Pet, it is beſt put finger in the eye, an ſhe knew why.
Bian. Siſter, content you in my diſcontent.
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My books and inſtruments ſhall be my company,
On them to look, and practiſe by my ſelf.
Luc. Hark, *Tranio*, thou may'ſt hear *Minerva* ſpeak. [*Aſide.*
Hor. Signior *Baptiſta*, will you be ſo ſtrange?
Sorry am I that our good-will effects
Bianca's grief.
Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior *Baptiſta*, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
Bap. Content ye, Gentlemen; I am reſolv'd:
Go in, *Bianca*. [*Exit* Bianca.
And for I know ſhe taketh moſt delight
In muſick, inſtruments, and poetry,
School-maſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth. If you, *Hortenſio*,
Or, Signior *Gremio*, you, know any ſuch,
Prefer them hither: for to cunning men

I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up;
And ſo farewel. *Catharina*, you may ſtay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*. [*Exit.*

Cath. Why, I truſt I may go too, may I not? what, ſhall I be appointed hours, as tho', belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave? ha! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are ſo good, here is none will hold you. Our love is not ſo great, *Hortenſio*, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out. Our cake's dow on both ſides. Farewel; yet for the love I bear my ſweet *Bianca*, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior *Gremio*: but a word, I pray; tho' the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd parle, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have acceſs to our fair miſtreſs and be happy rivals in *Bianca*'s love, to labour and effect one thing 'ſpecially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, Sir, to get a huſband for her ſiſter.

Gre. A huſband! a devil.

Hor. I ſay, a huſband.

Gre. I ſay, a devil. Think'ſt thou, *Hortenſio*, tho' her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tuſh, *Gremio*; tho' it paſs your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipp'd at the high-croſs every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you ſay, there's ſmall choice in rotten apples: come, ſince this bar in law makes us friends, it ſhall be ſo far forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping *Baptiſta*'s eldeſt daughter to a huſband we ſet his youngeſt free for a huſband, and then have to't afreſh. Sweet

Bianca!

Bianca! happy man be his dole! he that runs faſteſt gets the ring; how ſay you, Signior *Gremio?*

Gre. I am agreed, and would I had given him the beſt horſe in *Padua* to begin the wooing that would throughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the houſe of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* Gre. *and* Hor. *Manent* Tra. *and* Lucen.

SCENE IV.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me, is it poſſible
That love ſhould on a ſudden take ſuch hold?

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible or likely.
But ſee, while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found th' effect of love in idleneſs:
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,
That art to me as ſecret and as dear
As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, *Tranio*,
If I atchieve not this young modeſt girl:
Counſel me, *Tranio*, for I know thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but ſo,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercy, lad; go forward, this contents,
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſel's ſound.

Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I ſaw ſweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſs'd the *Cretan* ſtrand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her ſiſter
Began to ſcold, and raiſe up ſuch a ſtorm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I ſaw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the air;
Sacred and ſweet was all I ſaw in her.——

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to ſtir him from his trance:
I pray, awake, Sir; if you love the maid,

Bend thoughts and wit t' atchieve her. Thus it ſtands:
Her eldeſt ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrewd,
That 'till the father rids his hands of her,
Maſter, your love muſt live a maid at home,
And therefore has he cloſely mew'd her up,
Becauſe ſhe ſhall not be annoy'd with ſuitors.
Luc. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not adviſ'd, he took ſome care
To get her cunning ſchool-maſters to inſtruct her?
Tra. Ay marry am I, Sir, and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, *Tranio*.
Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firſt.
Tra. You will be ſchool-maſter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: may it be done?
Tra. Not poſſible: for who ſhall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio*'s ſon,
Keep houſe, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Viſit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. Baſta, content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been ſeen in any houſe,
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man or maſter: then it follows thus.
Thou ſhalt be maſter, *Tranio*, in my ſtead;
Keep houſe, and port, and ſervants, as I ſhould.
I will ſome other be, ſome *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man
Of *Piſa*. It is hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo:
Tranio, at once uncaſe thee: and here take
My hat and cloak. When *Biondello* comes,
He waits on thee, but I will charm him firſt
To keep his tongue.
Tra. And ſo, Sir, had you need.
In brief, good Sir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be ſerviceable to my ſon, quoth he,

(Altho'

(Altho' I think 'twas in another ſenſe)
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Becauſe ſo well I love *Lucentio*.
Luc. Tranio, be ſo, becauſe *Lucentio* loves;
And let me be a ſlave t' atchieve that maid,
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
Enter Biondello.
Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?
Bion. Where have I been? nay, how now, where are you?
Maſter, has *Tranio* ſtolen your cloaths,
Or you ſtol'n his, or both? pray, what's the news?
Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jeſt,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow *Tranio* here, to ſave my life,
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his:
For in a quarrel, ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I am deſcry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes;
While I make way from hence to ſave my life.
You underſtand me?
Bion. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.
Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.
Bion. The better for him, would I were ſo too.
Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wiſh after, that *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptiſta*'s youngeſt daughter. But, ſirrah, not for my ſake, but your maſter's, I adviſe you uſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies: when I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*; but in all places elſe, your maſter *Lucentio*.
Luc. Tranio, let's go: one thing more reſts, that thy ſelf execute, to make one among theſe wooers; if thou aſk me, why? ſufficeth my reaſons are both good and weighty.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Before* Hortenſio's *Houſe in* Padua.
Enter Petruchio, *and* Grumio.
Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My beſt beloved and approved friend,

Hor-

Hortenſio; and I trow this is the houſe;
Here, ſirrah, *Grumio*, knock I ſay.*

Enter Hortenſio. †

Hor. Alla noſtra caſa ben venuto, multo honorato Signior mio Petruchio. ‡

And tell me now, ſweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to *Padua* here from old *Verona*?

* ----- knock I ſay.

Gru. Knock, Sir? whom ſhould I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your worſhip?

Pet. Villain, I ſay, knock me here ſoundly.

Gru. Knock you here, Sir? why, Sir, what am I, Sir,
That I ſhould knock you here, Sir?

Pet. Villain, I ſay knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My maſter is grown quarreliſome:
I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after, who comes by the worſt.

Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, ſirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it,
I'll try how you can *Sol, Fa*, and ſing it. [*He wrings him by the ears.*

Gru. Help, miſtreſs, help, my maſter is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you; ſirrah, villain.

Enter, &c.

† ----- Hortenſio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? my old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio!* how do you all at *Verona?*

Pet. Signior *Hortenſio*, come you to part the fray?
Con tutti le core bene trovato may I ſay.

Hor Alla, &c.

‡ ----- *mio* Petruchio.

Riſe, *Grumio*, we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in latin. If this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice, look you, Sir: he bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly, Sir. Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo, being perhaps, for ought I ſee, two and thirty, a pip out?
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at firſt,
Then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt.

Pet. A ſenſeleſs villain! Good *Hortenſio*,
I bid the raſcal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heav'ns! ſpake you not theſe words plain? knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly? and come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I adviſe you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience, I am *Grumio*'s pledge:
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, truſty, pleaſant ſervant *Grumio*;
And tell me now, &c.

Pet.

Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To ſeek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where ſmall experience grows; but in a few,
Signior *Hortenſio*, thus it ſtands with me,
Antonio my father is deceas'd,
And I have thruſt my ſelf into this maze,
Happ'ly to wive and thrive, as beſt I may:
Crowns in my purſe I have, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'lt thank me but a little for my counſel,
And yet I'll promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wiſh thee to her.

Pet. Signior *Hortenſio*, 'twixt ſuch friends as us
Few words ſuffice; and therefore if you know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio*'s wife;
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
Be ſhe as foul as was * *Florentius*' love,
As old as *Sybil*, and as curſt and ſhrewd
As *Socrates*' *Xantippe*, or a worſe,
She moves me not, or not removes, at leaſt,
Affection's edge in me. Were ſhe as rough
As are the ſwelling *Adriatick* ſeas,
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, tho' ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes; why, nothing comes amiſs, ſo mony comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, ſince we are ſtept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jeſt.
I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,
Brought up as beſt becomes a gentlewoman.

* This probably alludes to ſome ſtory in an *Italian* novel, and ſhould be written *Florentio*'s love.

Her

Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that ſhe is intolerably curſt,
And ſhrewd, and froward, ſo beyond all meaſure,
That were my ſtate far worſer than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortenſio, peace; thou know'ſt not gold's effect;
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, tho' ſhe chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Her. Her father is *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous gentleman;
Her name is *Catharina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, tho' I know not her,
And he knew my deceaſed father well;
I will not ſleep, *Hortenſio*, 'till I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour laſts. O'my word, an ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think ſcolding would do little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a ſcore knaves, or ſo: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rhetorick: I'll tell you what, Sir, an ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo disfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat: you know him not, Sir.

Hor. Tarry, *Petruchio*, I muſt go with thee,
For in *Baptiſta*'s houſe my treaſure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,
And her with-holds he from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
From thoſe defects I have before rehears'd,
That ever *Catharina* will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath *Baptiſta* ta'en,
That none ſhall have acceſs unto *Bianca*,
'Till *Catharine* the curſt have got a huſband.

Gru.

Gru. Catharine the curſt!
A title for a maid of all titles the worſt.
Hor. Now ſhall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me diſguis'd in ſober robes
To old *Baptiſta* as a ſchool-maſter
Well ſeen in muſick, to inſtruct *Bianca*;
That ſo I may, by this device, at leaſt
Have leave and leiſure to make love to her,
And unſuſpected court her by her ſelf.

SCENE VI.

Enter Gremio *and* Lucentio *diſguis'd.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! ſee, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together. Maſter, look about you: who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace, *Grumio*, 'tis the rival of my love. *Petruchio*, ſtand by a while.

Gru. A proper ſtripling, and an amorous.

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note:
Hark you, I'll have them very fairly bound,
All books of love, ſee that, at any hand;
And ſee you read no other lectures to her:
You underſtand me. Over and beſide
Signior *Baptiſta*'s liberality,
I'll mend it with a largeſs. Take your papers
And let me have them very well perfum'd,
For ſhe is ſweeter than perfume it ſelf
To whom they go: what will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, ſtand you ſo aſſured;
As firmly as your ſelf were ſtill in place,
Yea, and perhaps with more ſucceſsful words
Than you, unleſs you were a ſcholar, Sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is!

Gru. Oh this woodcock, what an aſs it is!

Pet. Peace, Sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum! God ſave you, Signior *Gremio*.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior *Hortenſio*. Trow you whither I am going? to *Baptiſta Minola*; I promis'd to enquire carefully about a ſchool-maſter for the fair *Bianca*, and by good fortune I have lighted well on this young man: for

for learning and behaviour fit for her turn, well read in poetry, and other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine muſician to inſtruct our miſtreſs;
So ſhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair *Bianca*, ſo belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me, and that my deeds ſhall prove.

Gru. And that his bags ſhall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
Liſten to me, and if you ſpeak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curſt *Catharine*,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry pleaſe.

Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well;
Hortenſio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know ſhe is an irkſome brawling ſcold;
If that be all, maſters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, ſay'ſt me ſo, friend? pray, what countryman?

Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio*'s ſon;
My father's dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days and long to ſee.

Gre. Oh, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife were ſtrange;
But if you have a ſtomach, to't a God's name,
You ſhall have me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the ſea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And heav'n's artillery thunder in the ſkies?
Have I not in a pitched battel heard
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

That

That gives not half ſo great a blow to th' ear,
As will a cheſnut in a farmer's fire?
Tuſh, tuſh, fear boys with bugs.
Gru. For he fears none.
Gre. Hortenſio, hark:
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind preſumes, for his own good, and ours.
Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatſoe'er.
Gre. And ſo we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as ſure of a good dinner.

SCENE VII.

To them Tranio *bravely apparell'd, and* Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God ſave you. If I may be bold, tell me, I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way to the houſe of Signior *Baptiſta Minola?*
Bion. He that has the two fair daughters? is't he you mean?
Tra. Even he, *Biondello.*
Gre. Hark you, Sir, you mean not her to ——
Tra. Perhaps him and her, what have you to do?
Pet. Nor her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, Sir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun, *Tranio.* [*Aſide.*
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a ſuitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
Tra. An if I be, Sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, Sir, I pray, are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon, I beſeech you?
Gre. For this reaſon, if you'll know.
She's the choice love of Signior *Gremio.*
Hor. She is the choſen of *Hortenſio.*
Tra. Softly, my maſters; if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown,
And were his daughter fairer than ſhe is,

She may more ſuitors have, and me for one.
Fair *Leda*'s daughter had a thouſand wooers;
Then well one more may fair *Bianca* have,
— And ſo ſhe ſhall. *Lucentio* ſhall make one,
Tho' *Paris* came, in hope to ſpeed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head, I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortenſio, to what end are all theſe words?

Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as to aſk you,
Did you yet ever ſee *Baptiſta*'s daughter?

Tra. No, Sir; but hear I do that he hath two:
The one as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modeſty.

Pet. Sir, Sir, the firſt's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more than *Alcides*' twelve.

Pet. Sir, underſtand you this of me, inſooth:
The youngeſt daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all acceſs of ſuitors,
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Until the eldeſt ſiſter firſt be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be ſo, Sir, that you are the man
Muſt ſteed us all, and me amongſt the reſt;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Atchieve the elder, ſet the younger free
For our acceſs; whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſs be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you ſay well, and well you do conceive:
And ſince you do profeſs to be a ſuitor,
You muſt, as we do, gratifie this gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack; in ſign whereof,
Pleaſe ye, we may convive this afternoon,
And quaff carouſes to our miſtreſs' health,
And, do as adverſaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! fellows, let's be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it ſo,
Petruchio, I ſhall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

1 Man.

1 Man. *My Lord, you nod, you do not mind the Play.*

Sly. *Yea, by St.* Ann, *do I: a good matter ſurely! comes there any more of it?*

Lady. *My Lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work; Madam Lady, would 'twere done!*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Baptiſta's *Houſe in* Padua. *Enter* Catharina *and* Bianca.

Bian. GOOD ſiſter, wrong me not, nor wrong your ſelf,
To make a bond-maid and a ſlave of me;
That I diſdain: but for theſe other gaudes,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off my ſelf,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,
Or what you will command me will I do;
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Catb. Of all thy ſuitors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.

Bian. Believe me, ſiſter, of all men alive
I never yet beheld that ſpecial face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Catb. Minion, thou lieſt; is't not *Hortenſio?*

Bian. If you affect him, ſiſter, here I ſwear
I'll plead for you my ſelf but you ſhall have him.

Catb. Oh then belike you fancy riches more,
You will have *Gremio*, to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do ſo envy me?
Nay, then you jeſt, and now I well perceive
You have but jeſted with me all this while;
I pr'ythee, ſiſter *Kate*, untie my hands.

Catb. If that be jeſt, then all the reſt was ſo. [*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptiſta.

Bap. Why, how now, dame, whence grows this inſolence?
Bianca, ſtand aſide; poor girl, ſhe weeps;
Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her.
For ſhame, thou hilding of a deviliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſs thee with a bitter word?

Catb. Her ſilence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies at* Bianca.

Bap. What, in my ſight? *Bianca*, get thee in. [*Ex.* Bian.
Cath. Will you not ſuffer me? nay, now I ſee
She is your treaſure, ſhe muſt have a huſband,
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And for your love to her lead apes in hell:
Talk not to me, I will go ſit and weep,
'Till I can find occaſion of revenge. [*Exit* Cath.
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

SCENE II.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio *in the habit of a mean man*, Petruchio *with* Hortenſio *like a muſician*, Tranio *and* Biondello *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour *Baptiſta*.
Bap. Good morrow, neighbour *Gremio*: God ſave you, gentlemen.
Pet. And you, good Sir; pray, have you not a daughter call'd *Catharina*, fair and virtuous?
Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd *Catharina*.
Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.
Pet. You wrong me, Signior *Gremio*, give me leave.
I am a gentleman of *Verona*, Sir,
That hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and baſhful modeſty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to ſhew my ſelf a forward gueſt
Within your houſe, to make mine eye the witneſs
Of that report, which I ſo oft have heard.
And for an entrance to my entertainment, [*Preſenting* Hor.
I do preſent you with a man of mine,
Cunning in muſick, and the mathematics,
To inſtruct her fully in thoſe ſciences,
Whereof I know ſhe is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or elſe you do me wrong,
His name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua*.
Bap. Y'are welcome, Sir, and he for your good ſake.
But for my daughter *Catharine*, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.
Pet. I ſee you do not mean to part with her,
Or elſe you like not of my company.

Bap.

Bap. Miſtake me not, I ſpeak but what I find.
Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, *Antonio*'s ſon,
A man well known throughout all *Italy*.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his ſake.

Gre. Saving your tale, *Petruchio*, I pray let us that are poor petitioners ſpeak too. *Baccalare!* you are marvellous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curſe your wooing. Neighbour! this is a gift very grateful, I am ſure of it. To expreſs the like kindneſs my ſelf, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, free leave give to this young ſcholar, that hath been long ſtudying at *Reims*, [*Preſenting* Luc.] as cunning in *Greek*, *Latin*, and other languages, as the other in muſick and mathematics; his name is *Cambio*; pray, accept his ſervice.

Bap. A thouſand thanks, Signior *Gremio*: welcome, good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir, methinks you walk like a ſtranger, [*To* Tranio.] may I be ſo bold to know the cauſe of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldneſs is mine own,
That, being a ſtranger in this city here,
Do make my ſelf a ſuitor to your daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, fair and virtuous:
Nor is your firm reſolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter.
This liberty is all that I requeſt,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,
And free acceſs and favour as the reſt.
And toward the education of your daughters,
I here beſtow a ſimple inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of *Greek* and *Latin* books.
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

[*They greet privately.*

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence I pray?

Tra. Of *Piſa*, Sir, ſon to *Vincentio*.

Bap. A mighty man of *Piſa*; by report

I know him well; you are very welcome, Sir.
Take you the lute, and you the ſet of books,
[*To* Hor. *and* Luc.
You ſhall go ſee your pupils preſently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead theſe gentlemen
To my two daughters, and then tell them both
Theſe are their tutors, bid them uſe them well.
[*Ex. Serv. with* Hor. *and* Luc.
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to think your ſelves.

Pet. Signior *Baptiſta*, my buſineſs aſketh haſte,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left ſolely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd;
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry ſhall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands,
And in poſſeſſion, twenty thouſand crowns.

Pet. And for that dowry, I'll aſſure her for
Her widowhood, be it that ſhe ſurvive me,
In all my lands and leaſes whatſoever;
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the ſpecial thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as ſhe proud-minded.
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do conſume the thing that feeds their fury.
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extream guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yields to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'ſt thou woo, and happy be thy ſpeed!
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhappy words.

Pet.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
That ſhake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

SCENE III. *Enter* Hortenſio *with his head broke.*

Bap. How now, my friend, why doſt thou look ſo pale?

Hor. For fear, I promiſe you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good muſician?

Hor. I think ſhe'll ſooner prove a ſoldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canſt not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why no; for ſhe hath broke the lute on me.
I did but tell her ſhe miſtook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a moſt impatient deviliſh ſpirit,
Frets call you them? quoth ſhe: I'll fume with them:
And with that word ſhe ſtruck me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While ſhe did call me raſcal, fidler,
And twangling jack, with twenty ſuch vile terms,
As ſhe had ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a luſty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh, how I long to have ſome chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited.
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns;
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us,
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter *Kate* to you?

Pet. I pray you, do. I will attend her here,
[*Exit* Bap. *with* Gre. Hor. *and* Tranio.
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say that ſhe rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She ſings as ſweetly as a nightingale:
Say that ſhe frown, I'll ſay ſhe looks as clear
As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew;
Say ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word,
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And ſay, ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As tho' ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week;

If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I ſhall aſk the banes, and when be married.
But here ſhe comes, and now, *Petruchio*, ſpeak.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Catharina.

Good morrow, *Kate*; for that's your name I hear.

Catb. Well have you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing.
They call me *Catharine*, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*,
And bonny *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in chriſtendom,
Kate of *Kate-hall*, my ſuper-dainty *Kate*,
(For dainties are all *Cates*) and therefore *Kate*;
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation!
Hearing thy mildneſs prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,
Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs:
My ſelf am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Catb. Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence; I knew you at the firſt
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Catb. A join'd ſtool.

Pet. Thou haſt hit it; come, ſit on me.

Catb. Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.

Catb. No ſuch jade, Sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light——

Catb. Too light for ſuch a ſwain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight ſhould be. *

* ---- weight ſhould be.
Pet. Should! *Bee*: ſhould!---- *Buzz.*
Catb. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. O ſlow-wing'd turtle, ſhall a buzzard take thee?
Catb. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you waſp, i'faith you are too angry.
Catb. If I be waſpiſh, 'beſt beware my ſting.
Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.
Catb. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lyes.
Pet. Who knows not where a waſp doth wear his ſting?
In his tail.

Catb.

Pet. Nay, hear you, *Kate.* Inſooth you 'ſcape not ſo.
Cath. I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit, I find you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers.
Thou can'ſt not frown, thou can'ſt not look aſcance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk:
But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conf'rence, ſoft, and affable.
Why doth the world report that *Kate* doth limp?
Oh ſland'rous world! *Kate*, like the hazle-twig,
Is ſtrait and ſlender, and as brown in hue
As hazle-nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
Oh, let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.
Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keepeſt, thoſe command.
Pet. Did ever *Dian* ſo become a grove,
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gaite?

Cath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whoſe tongue?
Cath. Yours if you talk of tails, and ſo farewel.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good *Kate*, I am a gentleman.
Cath. That I'll try. [*She ſtrikes him.*
Pet. I ſwear I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike again.
Cath. So may you loſe your arms.
If you ſtrike me you are no gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
Pet. A herald, *Kate*? oh, put me in thy books.
Cath. What is your creſt, a coxcomb?
Pet. A combleſs cock, ſo *Kate* will be my hen.
Cath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, *Kate*; come, you muſt not look ſo ſower.
Cath. It is my faſhion when I ſee a crab.
Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not ſower.
Cath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then ſhew it me.
Cath. Had I a glaſs I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Cath. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.
Pet. Now, by St. *George*, I am too young for you.
Cath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Cath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, &c.

O, be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chaſt, and *Dian* ſportful.
Catb. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?
Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother-wit.
Catb. A witty mother, witleſs elſe her ſon.
Pet. Am I not wiſe?
Catb. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Why, ſo I mean, ſweet *Catharine*, in thy bed:
And therefore ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a huſband for your turn,
For by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou muſt be married to no man but me.
For I am he am born to tame you, *Kate*,
And bring you from a wild cat to a *Kate*,
Conformable as other houſhold *Kates*;
Here comes your father, never make denial,
I muſt and will have *Catharine* to my wife.

SCENE V.

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, *and* Tranio.

Bap. Signior *Petruchio*, how ſpeed you with
My daughter?
Pet. How but well, Sir? how but well?
It were impoſſible I ſhould ſpeed amiſs.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter *Catharine*, in your dumps?
Catb. Call you me daughter? now I promiſe you
You've ſhew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half lunatick,
A madcap ruffian, and a ſwearing jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus; your ſelf and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curſt, it is for policy,
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the dove:
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn,
For patience ſhe will prove a ſecond *Griſſel*,
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chaſtity.

And to conclude, we've 'greed ſo well together,
That upon *Sunday* is the wedding-day.
Catb. I'll ſee thee hang'd on *Sunday* firſt.
Gre. Hark, hark;
Petruchio! ſhe ſays ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.
Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? then, good night our part!
Pet. Be patient, Sirs, I chuſe her for my ſelf;
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me; oh, the kindeſt *Kate!*
She hung about my neck, and kiſs on kiſs
She vy'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
Oh, you are novices; 'tis a world to ſee,
How tame (when men and women are alone)
A meacock wretch can make the curſteſt ſhrew.
Give me thy hand, *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,
To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding-day;
Father, provide the feaſt, and bid the gueſts,
I will be ſure my *Catharine* ſhall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to ſay, but give your hands,
God ſend you joy, *Petruchio!* 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen ſay we, we will be witneſſes.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,
We will have rings and things, and fine array;
And kiſs me, *Kate*, we'll marry o' *Sunday*.
[*Exe.* Petruchio *and* Catharina.

SCENE VI.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up ſo ſuddenly?
Bap. 'Faith, gentlemen, I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a deſperate mart.
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.
Bap. The gain I ſeek is quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now, *Baptiſta*, to your younger daughter;

Now

Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.
Tra. And I am one that love *Bianca* more
Than words can witneſs or your thoughts can gueſs.
Gre. Youngling! thou canſt not love ſo dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age that nouriſheth.
Tra. But youth in ladies eyes that flouriſheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen, I will compound this ſtrife;
'Tis deeds muſt win the prize, and he of both
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have *Bianca*'s love.
Say, Signior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her?
Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the city
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold,
Baſons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *Tyrian* tapeſtry;
In ivory coffers I have ſtuft my crowns;
In cypreſs cheſts my arras, counterpanes,
Coſtly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linnen, *Turkey* cuſhions boſs'd with pearl;
Valance of *Venice* gold in needle-work;
Pewter and braſs, and all things that belong
To houſe, or houſe-keeping: then at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixſcore fat oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls;
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
My ſelf am ſtruck in years, I muſt confeſs,
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilſt I live ſhe will be only mine.
Tra. That *only* came well in. Sir, liſt to me;
I am my father's heir, and only ſon;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houſes three or four as good,
Within rich *Piſa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Beſides two thouſand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land; all which ſhall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior *Gremio*?

Gre. Two thouſand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts but to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall have, beſides an *Argoſie*
That now is lying in *Marſeilles*'s road.
What, have I choakt you with an *Argoſie*?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no leſs
Than three great *Argoſies*, beſides two galliaſſes,
And twelve tight gallies; theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much, what e'er thou offer'ſt next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And ſhe can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, ſhe ſhall have me and mine.

Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promiſe; *Gremio* is out-vied.

Bap. I muſt confeſs your offer is the beſt;
And let your father make her the aſſurance,
She is your own, elſe you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen, then I am thus reſolv'd:
On *Sunday* next, you know, my daughter *Catharine*
Is to be married: now on *Sunday* following
Bianca ſhall be bride to you, if you
Th' aſſurance make; if not, to Signior *Gremio*:
And ſo I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gameſter, your father were a fool
To give thee all; and in his waining age
Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy!
An old *Italian* fox is not ſo kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to do my maſter good:
I ſee no reaſon but ſuppos'd *Lucentio*
May get a father, call'd ſuppos'd *Vincentio*;
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but in this caſe
Of wooing, a child ſhall get a ſire, if

I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

[Sly *ſpeaks to one of the Servants.*

Sly. Sim, *when will the fool come again?*

Sim. *Anon, my Lord.*

Sly. *Give's ſome more drink here —— where's the tapſter? here,* Sim, *eat ſome of theſe things.*

Sim. *So I do, my Lord.*

Sly. *Here,* Sim, *I drink to thee.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in Padua.

Enter Lucentio, Hortenſio, *and* Bianca.

Luc. FIDLER, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir;
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter *Catharine* welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, know this lady is
The patroneſs of heavenly harmony;
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in muſick we have ſpent an hour,
Your lecture ſhall have leiſure for as much.

Luc. Prepoſterous aſs! that never read ſo far
To know the cauſe why muſick was ordain'd;
Was it not to refreſh the mind of man
After his ſtudies, or his uſual pain?
Then give me leave to read philoſophy,
And while I pauſe, ſerve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear theſe braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To ſtrive for that which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholar in the ſchools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my leſſons as I pleaſe my ſelf;
And to cut off all ſtrife, here ſit we down,
Take you your inſtrument, ſtay you a while,
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[Hortenſio *retires.*

Luc. That will be never: tune your inſtrument.

Bian. Where left we laſt?

Luc.

Luc. Here, Madam: *Hic ibat Simois, hic eſt Sigeia tellus, Hic ſteterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.*

Bian. Conſtrue them.

Luc. Hic ibat, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio, hic eſt*, ſon unto *Vincentio* of *Piſa*, *Sigeia tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your love, *hic ſteterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celſa ſenis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my inſtrument's in tune. [*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear. O fie, the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me ſee if I can conſtrue it: *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not, *hic eſt Sigeia tellus*, I truſt you not, *hic ſteterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, preſume not, *celſa ſenis*, deſpair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the baſe.

Hor. The baſe is right, 'tis the baſe knave that jars.
How fiery and how froward is our pedant!
Now, for my life, that knave doth court my love;
Pedaſcule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe; yet I miſtruſt.

Luc. Miſtruſt it not, for ſure *Æacides*
Was *Ajax*, call'd ſo from his grandfather.

Bian. I muſt believe my maſter, elſe I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill upon that doubt;
But let it reſt. Now, *Licio*, to you:
Good maſters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleaſant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while;
My leſſons make no muſick in three parts.

Luc. Are you ſo formal, Sir? well, I muſt wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine muſician groweth amorous. [Luc. *retires.*

Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of art,
To teach you *Gamut* in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am paſt my *Gamut* long ago.

Hor. Yet read the *Gamut* of *Hortenſio.*

Bian. [*Reading.*] *Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord,
A re, to plead *Hortenſio*'s paſſion,
B mi, *Bianca*, take him for thy lord,
C ſaut, that loves thee with all affection,
D ſol re, one cliff, but two notes have I,
E lami, ſhow me pity, or I die.
Call you this *Gamut?* tut, I like it not;
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt; I'm not ſo nice
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Miſtreſs, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dreſs your ſiſter's chamber up;
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, ſweet maſters both; I muſt be gone. [*Exit.*

Luc. 'Faith, miſtreſs, then I have no cauſe to ſtay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cauſe to pry into this pedant;
Methinks he looks as tho' he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, *Bianca*, be ſo humble,
To caſt thy wandring eyes on every ſtale;
Seize thee who liſt; if once I find thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Baptiſta, Tranio, Catharina, Lucentio, *and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the 'pointed day
That *Cath'rine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be married;
And yet we hear not of our ſon-in-law.
What will be ſaid? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What ſays *Lucentio* to this ſhame of ours?

Cath. No ſhame but mine; I muſt, forſooth, be forc'd
To give my hand oppos'd againſt my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudeſby, full of ſpleen,
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour:

And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thouſand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banes;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the world point at poor *Catharine*,
And ſay, lo! there is mad *Petruchio*'s wife,
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good *Catharine*, and *Baptiſta* too;
Upon my life, *Petruchio* means but well,
What ever fortune ſtays him from his word.
Tho' he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe;
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.

Cath. Would *Catharine* had never ſeen him tho'!
[*Exit weeping.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For ſuch an injury would vex a ſaint,
Much more a ſhrew of thy impatient humour.

SCENE III. *Enter* Biondello.

Bion. Maſter, maſter; old news, and ſuch news as you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of *Petruchio*'s coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, Sir?

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

Tra. But ſay, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, *Petruchio* is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-caſes, one buckled, another lac'd; an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs, with two broken points; his horſe hipp'd, with an old mothy ſaddle, the ſtirrups of no kindred; beſides, poſſeſt with the glanders, and like to mourn in the chine, troubled with the lampaſſe, infected with the farcin, full of windgalls, ſped with ſpavins, raied with the yellows, paſt cure of the vives, ſtark ſpoiled with the ſtaggers, begnawn with the bots, ſway'd in the back,

and ſhoulder-ſhotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-cheek'd bit, and a headſtall of ſheep's leather, which being reſtrain'd to keep him from ſtumbling hath been often burſt, and now repair'd with knots; one girt ſix times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly ſet down in ſtuds, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh Sir, his lackey, for all the world capariſon'd like the horſe, with a linen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe on the other, garter'd with a red and blue liſt, an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prickt up in't for a feather: a monſter, a very monſter in apparel, and not like a chriſtian foot-boy, or gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis ſome odd humour pricks him to this faſhion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howſoever he comes.

Bion. Why, Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay he comes?

Bion. Who? that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No, Sir; I ſay his horſe comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by St. *Jamy*, I hold you a penny,
A horſe and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

SCENE IV.

Enter Petruchio *and* Grumio *fantaſtically habited.*

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You're welcome, Sir.

Pet And yet I come not well,

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not ſo well 'parell'd as I wiſh you were.

Pet. Why, were it better I ſhould ruſh in thus.
But where is *Kate?* where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unuſual prodigy?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know this is your wedding-day:

First

Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemn feſtival.
Tra. And tell us what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike your ſelf?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear:
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,
Tho' in ſome part enforced to digreſs,
Which at more leiſure I will ſo excuſe,
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied withal.
But where is *Kate?* I ſtay too long from her;
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at church.
Tra. See not your bride in theſe unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.
Pet. Not I; believe me, thus I'll viſit her.
Bap. But thus, I truſt, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good ſooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;
To me ſhe's married, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,
As I could change theſe poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my ſelf.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good-morrow to my bride,
And ſeal the title with a lovely kiſs! [*Exit.*
Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire:
We will perſuade him, be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
Bap. I'll after him, and ſee the event of this. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Tra. But, Sir, our love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking; which to bring to paſs,
As I before imparted to your worſhip,
I am to get a man, (whate'er he be
It ſkills not much, we'll fit him to our turn)
And he ſhall be *Vincentio* of *Piſa*,
And make aſſurance here in *Padua*
Of greater ſums than I have promiſed:
So ſhall you quietly enjoy your hope,

And

And marry ſweet *Bianca* with conſent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow ſchool-maſter
Doth watch *Bianca*'s ſteps ſo narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to ſteal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay no,
I'll keep mine own, deſpight of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this buſineſs:
We'll over-reach the gray-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow-prying father *Minola*,
The quaint muſician amorous *Licio*;
All for my maſter's ſake *Lucentio*.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Gremio.

Now, Signior *Gremio*, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from ſchool.

Tra. And are the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom ſay you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl ſhall find.

Tra. Curſter than ſhe? why, 'tis impoſſible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, ſhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, ſhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him:
I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio*, when the prieſt
Did aſk if *Catharine* ſhould be his wife?
Ay, by gogs-woons, quoth he; and ſwore ſo loud,
That all amaz'd the prieſt let fall the book;
And as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt.
Now take them up, quoth he, if any liſt.

Tra. What ſaid the wench, when he roſe up again?

Gre. Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: a health, quoth he; as if
H'ad been aboard carowſing to his mates
After a ſtorm; quaſt off the muſcadel,
And threw the ſops all in the ſexton's face;
Having no other cauſe, but that his beard

Grew thin and hungerly, and ſeem'd to aſk
His ſops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The bride about the neck, and kiſt her lips
With ſuch a clamorous ſmack, that at the parting
All the church echo'd; and I ſeeing this,
Came thence for very ſhame; and after me
The rout is coming: ſuch a mad marriage
Ne'er was before. Hark, hark, the minſtrels play.
[*Muſick plays.*

SCENE VII. *Enter* Petruchio, Catharina, Bianca, Hortenſio, *and* Baptiſta.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains;
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheer;
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence;
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't poſſible you muſt away to-night?

Pet. I muſt away to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder; if you knew my buſineſs,
You would entreat me rather go than ſtay.
And, honeſt company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away my ſelf
To this moſt patient, ſweet and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I muſt hence; and farewel to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you ſtay 'till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you, Sir.

Pet. It cannot be.

Cath. Let me intreat you, Sir.

Pet. I am content.

Cath. Are you content to ſtay?

Pet. I am content you ſhall intreat me ſtay;
But yet not ſtay, intreat me how you can.

Cath. Now, if you love me, ſtay.

Pet. Grumio, my horſes.

Gru. Sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horſes.

Cath. Nay then
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to-day;

No;

No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I pleaſe my ſelf:
The door is open, Sir, there lyes your way,
You may be jogging while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not go, 'till I pleaſe my ſelf:
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.

Pet. O *Kate*, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Cath. I will be angry; what haſt thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.

Gre. Ay, marry, Sir, now it begins to work.

Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal-dinner.
I ſee a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.

Pet. They ſhall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer;
Carowſe full meaſure to her maiden-head;
Be mad and merry, or go hang your ſelves;
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels, and my houſe,
She is my houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn,
My horſe, my ox, my aſs, my any thing;
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her who ever dare;
I'll bring my action on the proudeſt he,
That ſtops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*,
Draw forth thy weapon; we're beſet with thieves;
Reſcue thy miſtreſs if thou be a man:
Fear not, ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee, *Kate*;
I'll buckler thee againſt a million. [*Exe.* Pet. *and* Cath.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like.

Luc. Miſtreſs, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?

Bian. That being mad herſelf, ſhe's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, tho' bride and bridegroom want
For to ſupply the places at the table;
You know there wants no junkets at the feaſt:

Lucentio,

Lucentio, you ſupply the bridegroom's place.
And let *Bianca* take her ſiſter's room.

Tra. Shall ſweet *Bianca* practiſe how to bride it?

Bap. She ſhall, *Lucentio*: gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Petruchio's *Country Houſe.* *Enter* Grumio.

Gru. FIE, fie on all tired jades, on all mad maſters, and all foul ways! was ever man ſo weary? was ever man ſo beaten? was ever man ſo raied? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them: now were I not a little pot, and ſoon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the fire ſhall warm my ſelf; for conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: holla, hoa, *Curtis!*

Enter Curtis, *a Servant.*

Curt. Who is that calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis.*

Curt. Is my maſter and his wife coming, *Grumio?*

Gru. Oh ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore fire, fire, caſt on no water.

Curt. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was, good *Curtis*, before the froſt; but thou know'ſt winter tames man, woman and beaſt, for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and thy ſelf, fellow *Curtis.*

Curt. Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot, and ſo long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our miſtreſs? whoſe hand, ſhe being now at hand, thou ſhalt ſoon feel to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, *Curtis*, in every office but thine; and

and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my maſter and miſtreſs are almoſt frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*, the news.

Gru. Why, *Jack* boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are ſo full of cony-catching.

Gru. Why therefore fire; for I have caught extream cold. Where's the cook? is ſupper ready, the houſe trimm'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept, the ſervingmen in their new fuſtian, their white ſtockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? be the Jacks fair without, the Jills fair within, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready: and therefore I pray thee, what news?

Gru. Firſt, know my horſe is tired, my maſter and miſtreſs fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a ſenſible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech liſtning. Now I begin: *imprimis* we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs.

Curt. Both on one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale. But hadſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe under her horſe: thou ſhould'ſt have heard in how miry a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horſe upon her, how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore, how ſhe pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd, how the horſes ran away, how her bridle was burſt, how I loſt my crupper; with many things of worthy memory,

memory, which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth *Nathaniel*, *Joſeph*, *Nicholas*, *Philip*, *Walter*, *Sugarſop*, and the reſt: let their heads be ſleekly comb'd, their blue coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'ſie with their left legs, and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe tail, 'till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you muſt meet my maſter to countenance my miſtreſs.

Gru. Why, ſhe hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it ſeems, that call'ſt for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five Serving-men.

Gru. Why, ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nath. Welcome home, *Grumio*.

Phil. How now, *Grumio*?

Joſ. What, *Grumio*!

Nich. Fellow *Grumio*!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you; fellow, you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready; how near is our maſter?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not——cock's paſſion, ſilence! I hear my maſter.

SCENE II. *Enter* Petruchio *and* Kate.

Pet. Where be theſe knaves? what, no man at door to hold my ſtirrup, nor to take my horſe? where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Philip*?

All. Serv. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

Pet. Here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir, here Sir?
You loggerheaded and unpoliſh'd grooms:

What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?

Gru. Here, Sir, as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You peaſant ſwain, you whoreſon, malt-horſe drudge,
Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along the raſcal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, Sir, was not fully made:
And *Gabriel*'s pumps were all unpink'd i'th' heel:
There was no link to colour *Peter*'s hat,
And *Walter*'s dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*,
The reſt were ragged, old and beggarly,
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, raſcals, go and fetch my ſupper in. [*Exe. Serv.*
Where is the life that late I led? [*Sings.*
Where are thoſe? ſit down, *Kate*,
And welcome. *Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud.*— [*Humming.*

Enter Servants with ſupper.

Why, when I ſay? nay, good ſweet *Kate*, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogue: you villains, when?
It was the friar of orders grey, [*Sings.*
As he forth walked on his way.
Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other. [*Strikes him.*
Be merry, *Kate*: ſome water here; what hoa!

Enter one with water.

Where's my ſpaniel *Troilus*? ſirrah, get you hence,
And bid my couſin *Ferdinand* come hither:
One, *Kate*, that you muſt kiſs, and be acquainted with.
Where are my ſlippers? ſhall I have ſome water?
Come, *Kate*, and waſh, and welcome heartily:
You whoreſon villain, will you let it fall?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreſon, beatle-headed, flat-ear'd knave:
Come, *Kate*, ſit down; I know you have a ſtomach.
Will you give thanks, ſweet *Kate*, or elſe ſhall I?
What is this, mutton?

1. *Serv.* Yes.

Pet. Who brought it?

Serv. I.

Pet.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and ſo is all the meat:
What dogs are theſe? where is the raſcal cook?
How durſt you, villains, bring it from the dreſſer,
And ſerve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the ſtage.*
You heedleſs jolt-heads, and unmanner'd ſlaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you ſtraight.
Cath. I pray you, huſband, be not ſo diſquiet;
The meat was well, if you were ſo contented.
Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expreſly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choler, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did faſt,
Since of our ſelves our ſelves are cholerick,
Than feed it with ſuch over-roaſted fleſh:
Be patient, for to-morrow't ſhall be mended,
And for this night we'll faſt for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servants ſeverally.

Nath. Peter, didſt ever ſee the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.
Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis.

Curt. In her chamber, making a ſermon of continency to her,
And rails, and ſwears, and rates; and ſhe poor ſoul
Knows not which way to ſtand, to look, to ſpeak,
And ſits as one new-riſen from a dream.
Away, away, for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſsfully:
My faulcon now is ſharp, and paſſing empty,
And 'till ſhe ſtoop, ſhe muſt not be full gorg'd,
For then ſhe never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch theſe kites,
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none ſhall eat.
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to-night ſhall not:
As with the meat, ſome undeſerved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed.
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolſter,
This way the coverlet, that way the ſheets;
Ay, and amid this hurly I'll pretend
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And in concluſion, ſhe ſhall watch all night:
And if ſhe chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her ſtill awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindneſs,
And thus I'll curb her mad and headſtrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeak, 'tis charity to ſhew. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *PADUA.*

Enter Tranio *and* Hortenſio.

Tra. Is't poſſible, friend *Licio*, that *Bianca*
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio?*
I tell you, Sir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.

Hor. To ſatisfie you, Sir, in what I ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca *and* Lucentio.

Luc. Now, miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, maſter, read you? firſt reſolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profeſs, the art of love.

Bian. And may you prove, Sir, maſter of your art!

Luc. While you, ſweet dear, prove miſtreſs of my heart.

Hor. Quick proceeders! marry! now tell me, I pray, you that durſt ſwear that your miſtreſs *Bianca* lov'd none in the world ſo well as *Lucentio.*

Tra. O deſpightful love, unconſtant womankind!
I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

Hor. Miſtake no more, I am not *Licio*,
Nor a muſician, as I ſeem to be,
But one that ſcorn to live in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a God of ſuch a cullion;
Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortenſio.*

Tra. Signior *Hortenſio*, I have often heard

Of

Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
And ſince mine eyes are witneſs of her lightneſs,
I will with you, if you be ſo contented,
Forſwear *Bianca* and her love for ever.

Hor. See how they kiſs and court. Signior *Lucentio*,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forſwear her
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry her, tho' ſhe intreat.
Fie on her, ſee how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forſworn her!
For me, that I may ſurely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days paſs, which has as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud diſdainful haggard.
And ſo farewel, Signior *Lucentio*.
Kindneſs in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and ſo I take my leave,
In reſolution as I ſwore before. [*Exit* Hor.

Tra. Miſtreſs *Bianca*, bleſs you with ſuch grace,
As 'longeth to a lover's bleſſed caſe!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forſworn you with *Hortenſio*.

Bian. Tranio, you jeſt: but have you both forſworn me?

Tra. Miſtreſs, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Licio*.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a luſty widow now,
That ſhall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He ſays ſo, *Tranio*.

Tra. 'Faith he is gone unto the taming ſchool.

Bian. The taming ſchool? what, is there ſuch a place?

Tra. Ay, miſtreſs, and *Petruchio* is the maſter,
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a ſhrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

SCENE V. *Enter* Biondello.

Bion. Oh maſter, maſter, I have watch'd ſo long,

That I'm dog-weary; but at laſt I ſpied
An ancient engle coming down the hill
Will ſerve the turn.

Tra. What is he, *Biondello?*

Bion. Maſter, a mercantant, or elſe a pedant;
I know not what; but formal in apparel;
In gate and countenance ſurly like a father.

Luc. And what of him, *Tranio?*

Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
I'll make him glad to ſeem *Vincentio*,
And give aſſurance to *Baptiſta Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio:*
Take me your love, and then let me alone.

[*Ex.* Luc. & Bian.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God ſave you, Sir.

Tra. And you, Sir; you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the fartheſt?

Ped. Sir, at the fartheſt for a week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome*;
And ſo to *Tripoly*, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of *Mantua.*

Tra. Of *Mantua*, Sir, ſay you? God forbid!
And come to *Padua*, careleſs of your life?

Ped. My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one of *Mantua*
To come to *Padua*; know you not the cauſe?
Your ſhips are ſtaid at *Venice*, and the Duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,)
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it elſe proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, Sir, it is worſe for me than ſo;
For I have bills for mony by exchange
From *Florence*, and muſt here deliver them.

Tra. Well, Sir, to do you courteſie,
This will I do, and this will I adviſe you;
Firſt tell me, have you ever been at *Piſa?*

Ped. Ay, Sir, in *Piſa* have I often been;

Piſa

Piſa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio?*

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, Sir; and, ſooth to ſay,
In count'nance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyſter, and all one.
[*Aſide.*

Tra. To ſave your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his ſake;
And think it not the worſt of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio:*
His name and credit ſhall you undertake,
And in my houſe you ſhall be friendly lodg'd:
Look that you take upon you as you ſhould.
You underſtand me, Sir: ſo ſhall you ſtay
'Till you have done your buſineſs in the city.
If this be court'ſie, Sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, Sir, I do, and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good:
This by the way I let you underſtand,
My father is here look'd for every day,
To paſs aſſurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me and one *Baptiſta*'s daughter here:
In all theſe circumſtances I'll inſtruct you:
Go with me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*

Lord. *Who's within there?* [Sly *ſleeps.*

Enter Servants.

Aſleep again! go take him eaſily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But ſee you wake him not in any caſe.

Serv. *It ſhall be done, my lord: come help to bear him hence.*
[*They bear off* Sly.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Petruchio's *Country-houſe.* *Enter* Catharina *and* Grumio.

Gru. NO, no, forſooth, I dare not for my life.

Cath. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears:
What, did he marry me to famiſh me?

Beggars

Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon intreaty, have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed that I ſhould intreat,
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;
And that which ſpights me more than all theſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love:
As who would ſay, if I ſhould ſleep or eat
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death:
I pr'ythee go, and get me ſome repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholeſome food.

Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot?

Cath. 'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too flegmatick a meat;
How ſay you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

Cath. I like it well; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell, I fear it's cholerick:
What ſay you to a piece of beef and muſtard?

Cath. A diſh that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.

Cath. Why then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.

Gru. Nay, then, I will not: you ſhall have the muſtard,
Or elſe you get no beef of *Grumio*.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why then the muſtard e'en without the beef.

Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave,
[*Beats him.*
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my miſery!
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

SCENE II.

Enter Petruchio *and* Hortenſio *with meat.*

Pet. How fares my *Kate?* what, ſweeting, all amort?

Hor. Miſtreſs, what cheer?

Cath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy ſpirits; look cheerfully upon me;
Here, love, thou ſeeſt how diligent I am,

To

To dreſs thy meat my ſelf, and bring it thee:
I'm ſure, ſweet *Kate*, this kindneſs merits thanks.
What, not a word? nay then, thou lov'ſt it not:
And all my pains is ſorted to no proof.
Here take away the diſh.

Cath. Pray, let it ſtand.

Pet. The pooreſt ſervice is repaid with thanks,
And ſo ſhall mine before you touch the meat.

Cath. I thank you, Sir.

Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie, you are to blame:
Come, miſtreſs *Kate*, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, *Hortenſio*, if thou loveſt me;—— [*Aſide.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart;
Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's houſe,
And revel it as bravely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things:
With ſcarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
With amber-bracelets, beads and all this knav'ry.
What, haſt thou din'd? the taylor ſtays thy leiſure,
To deck thy body with his ruſtling treaſure.

SCENE III. *Enter Taylor.*

Come, taylor, let us ſee theſe ornaments.

Enter Haberdaſher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir? ha!

Hab. Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet diſh; fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Catb. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.

Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haſte. [*Aſide.*

Catb. Why, Sir, I truſt I may have leave to ſpeak,
And ſpeak I will. I am no child, no babe,

Your

Your betters have endur'd me ſay my mind;
And if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or elſe my heart concealing it will break:
And rather than it ſhall, I will be free
Even to the utmoſt as I pleaſe in words.

Pet. Why thou ſay'ſt true, it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard coffin, a bauble, a ſilken pie;
I love thee well in that thou lik'ſt it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay; come, taylor, let us ſee't.
O mercy, heav'n, what maſking ſtuff is here?
What? this a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;
What, up and down carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſlaſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſer in a barber's ſhop:
Why, what a devil's name, taylor, call'ſt thou this?

Hor. I ſee ſhe's like to've neither cap nor gown. [*Aside.*

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion of the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

Cath. I never ſaw a better faſhion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tay. She ſays your worſhip means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monſtrous arrogance!
Thou lieſt, thou thread, thou thimble thou! thou lieſt,
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a ſkein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt:
I tell thee I, that thou haſt marr'd her gown.

Tay.

Tay. Your worſhip is deceiv'd, the gown is made Juſt as my maſter had direction.
Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.

Tay. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

Gru. Thou haſt fac'd many things.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou haſt brav'd many men, brave not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I ſay unto thee, I bid thy maſter cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo* thou lieſt.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

Tay. Imprimis, a looſe-bodied gown.

Gru. Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-bodied gown, ſow me up in the ſkirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I ſaid a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a ſmall compaſt cape.

Gru. I confeſs the cape.

Tay. With a trunk ſleeve.

Gru. I confeſs two ſleeves.

Tay. The ſleeves curiouſly cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' th' bill, Sir, error i' th' bill: I commanded the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true that I ſay, an I had thee in place where, thou ſhou'dſt know it.

Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and ſpare me not.

Hor. God-amercy, *Grumio*, then he ſhall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' th' right, Sir, 'tis for my miſtreſs.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy maſter's uſe.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my miſtreſs's gown for thy maſter's uſe!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for; Take up my miſtreſs's gown unto his maſter's uſe? Oh fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortenſio, ſay thou wilt ſee the taylor paid. [*Aſide.* Go take it hence, be gone, and ſay no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow, Take no unkindneſs of his haſty words: Away I ſay, commend me to thy maſter. [*Exit Taylor.*

Pet. Well, come, my *Kate*, we will unto your father's, Even in theſe honeſt mean habiliments: Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor; For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich. And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds, So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit. What, is the jay more precious than the lark, Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful? Or is the adder better than the eel, Becauſe his painted skin contents the eye? Oh no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worſe For this poor furniture, and mean array. If thou account'ſt it ſhame, lay it on me; And therefore frolick; we will hence forthwith, To feaſt and ſport us at thy father's houſe. Go call my men, and let us ſtraight to him, And bring our horſes unto *Long-lane* end, There will we mount, and thither walk on foot. Let's ſee, I think 'tis now ſome ſeven a-clock, And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Cath. I dare aſſure you, Sir, 'tis almoſt two; And 'twill be ſupper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It ſhall be ſeven ere I go to horſe: Look, what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do, You are ſtill croſſing it; Sirs, let't alone, I will not go to-day, and ere I do, It ſhall be what a clock I ſay it is.

Hor. Why, ſo: this gallant will command the ſun.

[*Exeunt* Pet, Cath. *and* Hor.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Padua.*

Enter Tranio, *and the Pedant dreſt like* Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the houſe, pleaſe it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, ay, what elſe, and (but I be deceived,)
Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me
Near twenty years ago in *Genoa*,
Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegaſus*.

Tra. 'Tis well, and hold your own in any caſe
With ſuch auſterity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but, Sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good that he were ſchool'd.

Tra. Fear you not him;
Sirrah *Biondello*, do your duty throughly;
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to *Baptiſta*?

Bion. I told him that your father was in *Venice*,
And that you look'd for him in *Padua*.

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink;
Here comes *Baptiſta*; ſet your countenance, Sir.

SCENE V. *Enter* Baptiſta *and* Lucentio.

Tra. Signior *Baptiſta*, you are happily met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you ſtand, good father, to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, ſon.
Sir, by your leave, having come to *Padua*
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf:
And for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him; to ſtay him not too long,
I am content in a good father's care
To have him match'd, and if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I, Sir, upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you find moſt ready and moſt willing
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtowed:
For curious I cannot be with you,

Signior *Baptiſta*, of whom I hear ſo well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay.
Your plainneſs and your ſhortneſs pleaſe me well:
Right true it is, your ſon *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections;
And therefore if you ſay no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dowry,
The match is fully made, and all is done,
Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.

Tra. I thank you, Sir. Where then do you trow is beſt
We be affied, and ſuch aſſurance ta'en,
As ſhall with either part's agreement ſtand?

Bap. Not in my houſe, *Lucentio*, for you know
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants;
Beſides, old *Gremio* is hearkning ſtill,
And haply then we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, Sir;
There doth my father lye; and there this night
We'll paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the ſcrivener preſently.
The worſt is this, that at ſo ſlender warning
You're like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. Go, *Cambio*, hie you home,
And bid *Bianca* make her ready ſtraight:
And if you will, tell what hath happen'd here;
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And now ſhe's like to be *Lucentio*'s wife.

Luc. I pray the Gods ſhe may with all my heart. [*Exit.*

Tra. Dally not with the Gods, but get thee gone.
Signior *Baptiſta*, ſhall I lead the way?
Welcome! one meſs is like to be your cheer.
But come, Sir, we will better it in *Piſa*.

Bap. I follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Enter* Lucentio *and* Biondello.

Bion. Cambio!

Luc. What ſay'ſt thou, *Biondello?*

Bion. You ſaw my maſter wink and laugh upon you.

Luc.

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but h'as left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his ſigns and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. *Baptiſta* is ſafe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful ſon.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old prieſt at St. *Luke*'s church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance; take you aſſurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolùm*; to th' church take the prieſt, clark, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay,
But bid *Bianca* farewel for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'ſt thou, *Biondello?*

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a wench married in an afternoon as ſhe went to the garden for parſly to ſtuff a rabbet, and ſo may you, Sir, and ſo adieu, Sir; my maſter hath appointed me to go to St. *Luke*'s, to bid the prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It ſhall go hard if *Cambio* go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *The Road to* Padua.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, *and* Hortenſio.

Pet. Come on a God's name, once more tow'rds our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the moon!

Catb. The moon! the ſun; it is not moon-light now.

Pet. I ſay it is the moon that ſhines ſo bright.

Catb. I know it is the ſun that ſhines ſo bright.

Pet. Now by my mother's ſon, and that's my ſelf,
It ſhall be moon, or ſtar, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your father's houſe:
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again.
Evermore croſt and croſt, nothing but croſt!

Hor. Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.

Catb. Forward I pray, ſince we have come ſo far,
And be it moon, or ſun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.

Pet. I ſay it is the moon.

Catb. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay then, you lie; it is the bleſſed ſun.

Catb. Then, God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed ſun.
But ſun it is not, when you ſay it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And ſo it ſhall be ſo for *Catharine.*

Hor. Petruchio, go thy way, the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl ſhould run;
And not unluckily againſt the bias:
But ſoft, ſome company is coming here.

SCENE VIII. *Enter* Vincentio.

Good morrow, gentle miſtreſs, where away? [*To Vin.*
Tell me, ſweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What ſtars do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heav'nly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's ſake.

Hor. He will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

* *Catb.* Young budding virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away, or where is thy aboad?

* *In the firſt ſketch of this play, printed in* 1607, *we find two ſtanzas in this place worth preſerving, and ſeeming to be of the hand of* Shakſpear, *tho' the reſt of that play is far inferior.*

Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious ſardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethiſts, or gliſtering hyacinth ——
—— Sweet *Catharine*, this lovely woman ——
Catb. Fair lovely lady, bright and chryſtalline,
Beauteous and ſtately as the eye train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning waſh'd with dew,
Within whoſe eyes ſhe takes her dawning beams,

And

Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;
Happier the man whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee to for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad!
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as thou ſay'ſt he is.

Cath. Pardon, old father, my miſtaken eyes,
That have been ſo bedazled with the ſun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandſir, and withal make known
Which way thou travelleſt; if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry miſtreſs too,
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, dwelling *Piſa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. *Lucentio*, gentle Sir.

Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy ſon;
And now by law as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father:
The ſiſter of my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy ſon by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd, ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified, as may beſeem
The ſpouſe of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſon,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travellers, to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?

And golden ſummer ſleeps upon thy cheeks.
Wrap up thy radiations in ſome cloud,
Leſt that thy beauty make this ſtately town
Unhabitable as the burning zone,
With ſweet reflections of thy lovely face.

Hor. I do aſſure thee, father, ſo it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and ſee the truth hereof.
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous. [*Exeunt.*

Hor. Petruchio, well! this hath put me in heart.
Have to my Widow, and if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught *Hortenſio* to be untoward. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX. Padua.

Before Lucentio's *Houſe. Enter* Biondello, Lucentio *and* Bianca; Gremio *walking on one ſide.*

Bion. Softly and ſwiftly, Sir, for the prieſt is ready.

Luc. I fly, *Biondello*; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, 'faith, I'll ſee the church o' your back, and then come back to my buſineſs as ſoon as I can. [*Ex.*

Gre. I marvel *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Vincentio *and* Grumio, *with Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio*'s houſe,
My father's bears more towards the market-place,
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You ſhall not chuſe but drink before you go;
I think I ſhall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood ſome cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre. They're buſie within, you were beſt knock louder.

[Pedant *looks out of the window.*

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir?

Ped. He's within, Sir, but not to be ſpoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to your ſelf, he ſhall need none as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your ſon was belov'd in *Padua*. Do you hear, Sir? to leave frivolous circumſtances, I pray you, tell Signior *Lucentio* that his father is come from *Piſa*, and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt, his father is come to *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

Vin.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, Sir, ſo his mother ſays, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe he means to cozen ſome body in this city under my countenance.

SCENE X. *Enter* Biondello.

Bion. I have ſeen them in the church together. God ſend 'em good ſhipping! but who is here? mine old maſter *Vincentio?* now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crackhemp. [*Seeing* Bion.

Bion. I hope I may chuſe, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didſt thou never ſee thy maſter's father *Vincentio?*

Bion. What, my old worſhipful old maſter? yes marry, Sir, ſee where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo indeed? [*He beats* Bion.

Bion. Help, help, help, here's a mad-man will murther me.

Ped. Help, ſon; help, Signior *Baptiſta.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, *Kate*, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the end of this controverſie.

Enter Pedant *with Servants*, Baptiſta *and* Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my ſervant?

Vin. What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? oh immortal Gods! oh fine villain! a ſilken doublet, a velvet hoſe, a ſcarlet cloak and a copatain hat: oh, I am undone, I am undone! while I play the good huſband at home, my ſon and my ſervants ſpend all at the univerſity.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What, is this man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words ſhew you a mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin.

Vin. Thy father! oh villain, he is a ſail-maker in *Bergamo.*

Bap. You miſtake, Sir, you miſtake, Sir; pray what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever ſince he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio.*

Ped. Away, away, mad aſs, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine only ſon, and heir to the lands of me Signior *Vincentio.*

Vin. Lucentio! oh, he hath murthered his maſter; lay hold on him I charge you in the Duke's name; oh my ſon, my ſon, tell me, thou villain, where is my ſon *Lucentio?*

Tra. Call forth an officer; carry this mad knave to the jail; father *Baptiſta*, I charge you ſee that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to jail?

Gre. Stay, officer, he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talk not, Signior *Gremio:* I ſay he ſhall go to priſon.

Gre. Take heed, Signior *Baptiſta*, leſt you be conycatch'd in this buſineſs; I dare ſwear this is the right *Vincentio.*

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay, that I am not *Lucentio.*

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio.*

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the jail with him.

Enter Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh monſtrous villain!

Bion. Oh, we are ſpoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

[*Exe.* Biondello, Tranio *and* Pedant.

SCENE XI.

Luc. Pardon, ſweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my ſweet ſon?

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How haſt thou offended? where is *Lucentio?*

Luc.

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right ſon to the right *Vincentio*,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine:
While counterfeit ſuppoſers bleer'd thine eyes.
Gre. Here's packing with a witneſs to deceive us.
Vin. Where is that damned villain *Tranio*,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?
Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio*?
Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.
Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. *Bianca*'s love
Made me exchange my ſtate with *Tranio*,
While he did bear my countenance in the town:
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs;
What *Tranio* did, my ſelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, ſweet father, for my ſake.
Vin. I'll ſlit the villain's noſe that would have ſent me to the jail.
Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you married my daughter without aſking my good will?
Vin. Fear not, *Baptiſta*, we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be reveng'd on this villain. [*Exit.*
Bap. And I to ſound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*
Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt.*
Gre. My cake is dough, but I'll in among the reſt,
Out of hope of all, but my ſhare of the feaſt. [*Exit.*
Cath. Huſband, let's follow, to ſee the end of this ado.
Pet. Firſt kiſs me, *Kate*, and we will.
Cath. What, in the midſt of the ſtreet?
Pet. What, art thou aſham'd of me?
Cath. No, Sir, God forbid; but aſham'd to kiſs.
Pet. Why then let's home again: come, ſirrah, let's away.
Cath. Nay, I will give thee a kiſs; now pray thee, love, ſtay.
Pet. Is not this well? come, come, my ſweet *Kate*;
Better late than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.* *

* ---- too late. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Catharina, Grumio, Hortenſio *and Widdow.* Tranio's *Servants bringing in a banquet.*

Luc. At laſt, tho' long, our jarring notes agree;

And

SCENE XII. Lucentio's *Houſe in* Padua.

Enter Baptiſta, Petruchio, Hortenſio, Lucentio, *and the reſt.*

Bap. Now in good ſadneſs, ſon *Petruchio*,
I think thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.

Pet. Well, I ſay no; and therefore for aſſurance,
Let's each one ſend unto his wife, and he
Whoſe wife is moſt obedient to come firſt,
When he doth ſend for her, ſhall win the wager.

And time it is, when raging war is done,
To ſmile at 'ſcapes and perils over-blown.
My fair *Bianca*, bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelf-ſame kindneſs welcome thine;
Brother *Petruchio*, ſiſter *Catharine*,
And thou, *Hortenſio*, with thy loving Widow;
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe:
My banquet is to cloſe our ſtomachs up
After our great good cheer: pray you, ſit down,
For now we ſit to chat as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindneſs, ſon *Petruchio*.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our ſakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, *Hortenſio* fears his Widow.

Wid. Then never truſt me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe:
I mean *Hortenſio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Cath. Miſtreſs, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortenſio* that?

Hor. My Widow ſays, thus ſhe conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended, kiſs him for that, good Widow.

Cath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round ---
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your Husband, being troubled with a Shrew,
Meaſures my Husband's ſorrow by his woe;
And now you know my meaning.

Cath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Cath. And I am mean indeed, reſpecting you.

Pet. To her, *Kate*.

Hor. To her, Widow.

Pet. A hundred marks, my *Kate* do put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer; ha' to thee, lad. [*Drinks to Hor.*

Bap. How likes *Gremio* theſe quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an haſty-witted body
Would ſay your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, miſtreſs bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me, therefore I'll ſleep again.

Pet.

Hor. Content, what wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture ſo much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times ſo much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who ſhall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, *Biondello*, bid your miſtreſs come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all my ſelf.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now, what news?
Bion. Sir, my miſtreſs ſends you word
That ſhe is buſie, and cannot come.
Pet. How? ſhe's buſie, and cannot come: is that an anſwer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, Sir, your wife ſend you not a worſe.
Pet. I hope better.
Hor. Sirrah *Biondello*, go and intreat my wife to come to me forthwith. [*Exit* Bion.

Pet. Nay, that thou ſhalt not, ſince you have begun:
Have at you for a better jeſt or two.
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to ſhift my buſh:
And then purſue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all. [*Exe.* Bianca, Cath. *and Widow.*
Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not;
Therefore a health to all that ſhot and miſs'd.
Tra. Oh, Sir, *Lucentio* ſlip'd me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.
Pet. A good ſwift ſimile, but ſomething curriſh.
Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for your ſelf:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. Oh, oh, *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good *Tranio*.
Hor. Confeſs, confeſs, hath he not hit you there?
Pet. He has a little gall'd me, I confeſs;
And as the jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

SCENE XII. &c.

Pet.

Pet. Oh ho! intreat her! nay then, ſhe needs muſt come.
Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do what you can.
Enter Biondello.
Yours will not be intreated: now, where's my wife?
Bion. She ſays you have ſome goodly jeſt in hand,
She will not come: ſhe bids you come to her.
Pet. Worſe and worſe, ſhe will not come!
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirrah *Grumio*, go to your miſtreſs,
Say I command her to come to me. [*Exit* Gru.
Hor. I know her anſwer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

SCENE XIII. *Enter* Catharina.

Bap. Now, by my hollidam, here comes *Catharine*.
Cath. What is your will, Sir, that you ſend for me?
Pet. Where is your ſiſter, and *Hortenſio*'s wife?
Cath. They ſit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth unto their huſbands:
Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight. [*Exit* Cath.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And ſo it is: I wonder what it boads.
Pet. Marry, peace it boads, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right ſupremacy:
And to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy?
Bap. Now fair befall thee, good *Petruchio!*
The wager thou haſt won, and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd as ſhe had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
Enter Catharina, Bianca *and Widow.*
See where ſhe comes, and brings your froward wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſuaſion:
Catharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;

Off

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cauſe to ſigh,
'Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſs.

Bian. Fie, what a fooliſh duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as fooliſh too:
The wiſdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*,
Coſt me an hundred crowns ſince ſupper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Catharine, I charge thee tell theſe headſtrong women,
What duty they owe to their lords and huſbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I ſay, and firſt begin with her.

Wid. She ſhall not.

Pet. I ſay ſhe ſhall, and firſt begin with her.

Cath. Fie, fie, unknit that threatning unkind brow,
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy King, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds,
And in no ſenſe is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will dain to ſip, or touch a drop of it.
Thy huſband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy Sovereign; one that cares for thee
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by ſea and land;
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the ſubject owes the prince,
Even ſuch a woman oweth to her huſband:
And when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſower,
And not obedient to his honeſt will;
What is ſhe but a foul contending rebel,

And graceleſs traitor to her loving lord?
I am aſham'd that women are ſo ſimple,
To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak and ſmooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you're froward and unable worms;
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reaſon haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now I ſee our launces are but ſtraws,
Our ſtrength is weak, our weakneſs paſt compare,
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are. *

Enter two Servants bearing Sly *in his own apparel, and leave him on the ſtage. Then enter a* Tapſter.

Sly awaking.] Sim, *give's ſome more wine —— what, all the Players gone? am not I a lord?*

Tap. *A lord with a murrain! come, art thou drunk ſtill?*

Sly. *Who's this?* Tapſter! *oh, I have had the braveſt dream that ever thou heardſt in all thy life.*

Tap. *Yea marry, but thou hadſt beſt get thee home, for your wife will courſe you for dreaming here all night.*

Sly. *Will ſhe? I know how to* tame a Shrew. *I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou haſt wak'd me out of the beſt dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if ſhe anger me.*

* ---- indeed leaſt are.
Then vail your ſtomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is ready, may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why, there's a wench: come on, and kiſs me, *Kate*,
Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou ſhalt ha't.
Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.
Luc. But a harſh hearing when women are froward.
Pet. Come, *Kate*, we'll to-bed,
We two are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I won the wager, tho' you hit the white,
And being a winner, God give you good night.

[*Exe.* Petruchio *and* Cath.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou haſt tam'd a curſt ſhrew.
Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be tam'd ſo.

[*Exeunt.*

ALL'S WELL

THAT

ENDS WELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING *of* France.
DUKE *of* Florence.
BERTRAM, *Count of* Rouſillon.
LAFEU, *an old Lord.*
PAROLLES, *a paraſitical follower of* Bertram; *a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.*
Two young French LORDS, *that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*
STEWARD, } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Rouſillon.
CLOWN, }

COUNTESS *of* Rouſillon, *Mother to* Bertram.
HELENA, *Daughter to* Gerard de Narbon, *a famous Phyſician, ſome time ſince dead.*
An old WIDOW *of* Florence.
DIANA, *Daughter to the Widow.*
VIOLENTA, } *Neighbours and friends to the Widow.*
MARIANA, }

Lords attending on the King, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE *lyes partly in* France, *and partly in* Tuſcany.

The plot taken from Boccace, *Decam.* 3. *Nov.* 9.

ALL'S

ALL's well that ENDS well.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Bertram, *the Counteſs of* Rouſillon, Helena, *and* Lafeu, *all in mourning*.

Count. IN delivering up my ſon from me, I bury a ſecond huſband.

Ber. And in going, Madam, I weep o'er my father's death anew; but I muſt attend his Majeſty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in ſubjection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the King a huſband, Madam; you, Sir, a father. He that ſo generally is at all times good muſt of neceſſity hold his virtue to you, whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up where it wanted, rather than ſlack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majeſty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his phyſicians, Madam, under whoſe practices he hath proſecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the loſing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how ſad a preface 'tis!) whoſe ſkill was almoſt as great as his honeſty; had it ſtretch'd ſo far, it would have made nature immortal, and death ſhould have had play for lack of work. Would, for the King's ſake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the King's diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeak of, Madam?

Count.

Count. He was famous, Sir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent indeed, Madam; the King very lately ſpoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was ſkilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet up againſt mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A fiſtula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of *Gerard de Narbon?*

Count. His ſole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes: her diſpoſition ſhe inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, * there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for her ſimpleneſs, ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.

Laf. Your commendations, Madam, get tears from her.

Count. 'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, *Helena*, go to, no more, leſt you be rather thought to affect a ſorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a ſorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy of the living.

Count. If the living be not enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I deſire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Count. Be thou bleſt, *Bertram*, and ſucceed thy father
In manners as in ſhape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than uſe; and keep thy friend

* By *virtuous qualities* here are not meant thoſe of a moral kind, but ſuch as are acquired by erudition and good-breeding.

Under

Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heav'n more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewel, my lord; 'tis an
Unſeaſon'd courtier, good my lord, adviſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt that ſhall attend
His love.

Count. May heaven bleſs him! Farewel, *Bertram.*
[*Exit Count.*

Ber. [*To* Hel.] The beſt wiſhes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be ſervants to you! be comfortable to my mother, your miſtreſs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty lady, you muſt hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt* Ber. *and* Laf.

SCENE II.

Hel. Oh were that all! —— I think not on my father,
And theſe great tears grace his remembrance more
Than they are ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in it, but my *Bertram*'s.
I am undone, there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. It were all one
That I ſhould love a bright partic'lar ſtar,
And think to wed it; he is ſo above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues it ſelf;
The hind that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To ſee him every hour, to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls
In our heart's table: heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctifie his relics. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, wholly a coward;
Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,

That

That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind; full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly.

SCENE III.

Par. 'Save you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay: you have ſome ſtain of ſoldier in you; let me aſk you a queſtion. Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barricado it againſt him to keep him out? for he aſſails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none: man ſetting down before you will undermine you and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſs our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up! Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach your ſelves made you loſe your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature, to preſerve virginity. Loſs of virginity is national increaſe, and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was firſt loſt. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever loſt; 'tis too cold a companion; away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your mother; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He that hangs himſelf is like a virgin: virginity murthers it ſelf, and ſhould be buried in high-ways out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate offendreſs againſt nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheeſe; conſumes it ſelf to the very paring, and ſo dies with feeding on its own ſtomach. Beſides, virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love, which is the moſt prohibited ſin in the canon.

Keep it not, you cannot chuſe but loſe by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make it ſelf ten, which is a goodly increaſe, and the principal it ſelf not much the worſe. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to loſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes, and 'tis a commodity will loſe the gloſs with lying. The longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion, richly ſuted, but unſutable, juſt like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which we wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yes, 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet. You're for the Court:
There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves,
A mother, and a miſtreſs, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddeſs, and a Sovereign,
A counſellor, a traitreſs, and a dear:
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord; and his diſcord dulcet,
His faithleſs ſweet diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious chriſtendoms
That blinking *Cupid* goſſips. Now ſhall he —
I know not what he ſhall — God ſend him well —
The Court's a learning place — and he is one —

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well — 'tis pity —

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we the poorer born,
Whoſe baſer ſtars do ſhut us up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And ſhew what we alone muſt think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter

Enter Page.

Page. Monſieur *Parolles*,
My lord calls for you. [*Exit Page.*

Par. Little *Helen*, farewel; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at Court.

Hel. Monſieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable ſtar.

Par. Under *Mars*, I.

Hel. I eſpecially think, *under Mars*.

Par. Why *under Mars?*

Hel. The wars have ſo kept you under, that you muſt needs be born *under Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear propoſes ſafety: but the compoſition that your valour and fear make in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſs, I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier, in the which my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of courtiers counſel, and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewel. When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends; get thee a good huſband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: ſo farewel. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our ſelves do lye,
Which we aſcribe to heav'n. The fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope, only doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we our ſelves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love ſo high,
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiſs like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their pains in ſenſe, and do ſuppoſe

What

What hath not been can't be. Who ever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
The King's diſeaſe — my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The Court of* France.

Flouriſh Cornets. Enter the King of France *with letters, and divers Attendants.*

King. The *Florentines* and *Senois* are by th' ears,
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, Sir.

King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it,
A certainty vouch'd from our couſin *Auſtria*;
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,
Approv'd ſo to your Majeſty, may plead
For ampleſt credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer,
And *Florence* is deny'd before he comes:
Yet for our gentlemen that mean to ſee
The *Tuſcan* ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well ſerve
A nurſery to our gentry, who are ſick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu *and* Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the Count *Rouſillon*, my good lord,
Young *Bertram.*

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Compos'd thee well. Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too! Welcome to *Paris.*

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majeſty's.

King. I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father and my ſelf in friendſhip
Firſt try'd our ſoldierſhip: he did look far

Into

Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſciplèd of the brav'ſt. He laſted long,
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young lords; but they may jeſt,
'Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can vye their levity with his honour:
So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterneſs
Were in him; pride or ſharpneſs if there were,
His equal had awak'd them, and his honour
Clock to it ſelf knew the true minute when
Exception bid him ſpeak; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of a brother-race,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled: ſuch a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which follow'd well, would now demonſtrate them
But goers backward.

Ber. His remembrance, Sir,
Lyes richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb:
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech.

King. Would I were with him! he would always ſay,
(Methinks I hear him now, his plauſive words
He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there and to bear) let me not live,
(Thus his good melancholy oft began
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime
When it was out) let me not live, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the ſnuff
Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments are
Meer fathers of their garments; whoſe conſtancies
Expire before their faſhions: this he wiſh'd.
I, after him, do after him wiſh too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,

I quickly were diſſolved from my hive,
To give ſome labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You're loved, Sir;
They that leaſt lend it you ſhall lack you firſt.

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, Count,
Since the phyſician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix months ſince, my Lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;
Lend me an arm; the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral applications; nature and ſickneſs
Debate it at their leiſure! Welcome, Count,
My ſon's no dearer.

Ber. Thanks to your Majeſty. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Rouſſillon.

Enter Counteſs, Steward and Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what ſay you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wiſh might be found in the calendar of my paſt endeavours; for then we wound our modeſty, and make foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when of our ſelves we publiſh them.

Count. What does this knave here? get you gone, ſirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe; 'tis my ſlowneſs that I do not, for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, Madam, 'tis not ſo well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damn'd; but if I have your ladyſhip's good will to go to the world, *Iſbel* the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this caſe.

Count. In what caſe?

Clo. In *Iſbel*'s caſe and mine own; ſervice is no heritage,

and I think I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God, 'till I have iſſue o' my body; for they ſay bearns are bleſſings.

Count. Tell me the reaſon why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, Madam, requires it. I am driven on by the fleſh, and he muſt needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worſhip's reaſon?

Clo. 'Faith, Madam, I have other holy reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are, and indeed I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

Clo. I am out of friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. Y'are ſhallow, Madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am weary of; he that eres my land ſpares my team, and gives me leave to inne the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge; he that comforts my wife is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he that cheriſheth my fleſh and blood loves my fleſh and blood; he that loves my fleſh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the puritan, and old *Poyſam* the papiſt, howſoe'er their hearts are ſever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may joul horns together like any deer i'th' herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, Madam, and I ſpeak the truth the next way,

For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true ſhall find,
Your marriage comes by deſtiny, your cuckow ſings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

Steew. May it pleaſe you, Madam, that he bid *Helen* come to you? of her I am to ſpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would ſpeak with her, *Helen* I mean.

Clo.

Clo. Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe, [Singing.
Why the Grecians *ſacked* Troy ?
Fond done, fond done, for Paris *he*
Was this King Priam's *joy.*
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
And gave this ſentence then ;
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten ? you corrupt the ſong, ſirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is a purifying o'th' ſong : would God would ſerve the world ſo all the year, we'd find no fault with the tithe woman if I were the parſon ; one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing ſtar, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well ; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as I command you ?

Clo. That man that ſhould be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done ! tho' honeſty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt ; it will wear the ſurplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart : I am going, forſooth, the buſineſs is for *Helen* to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Steto. I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. 'Faith, I do ; her father bequeath'd her to me ; and ſhe her ſelf, without other advantages, may lawfully make title to as much love as ſhe finds ; there is more owing her than is paid, and more ſhall be paid her than ſhe'll demand.

Steto. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think ſhe wiſh'd me ; alone ſhe was, and did communicate to her ſelf her own words to her own ears ; ſhe thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any ſtranger ſenſe. Her matter was, ſhe lov'd your ſon ; Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no Goddeſs, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates ; Love, no God, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level : *Diana*, no queen

of virgins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight to be ſurpriz'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault, or ranſom afterward. This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in, which I held it my duty ſpeedily to acquaint you withal; ſithence in the loſs that may happen it concerns you ſomething to know it.

Count. You have diſcharg'd this honeſtly, keep it to your ſelf; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the ballance, that I could neither believe nor miſdoubt: pray you, leave me; ſtall this in your boſom, and I thank you for your honeſt care; I will ſpeak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

SCENE VII. *Enter* Helena.

Count. Ev'n ſo it was with me when I was young;
If we are nature's, theſe are ours: this thorn
Doth to our roſe of youth rightly belong,
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the ſhow and ſeal of nature's truth,
Where love's ſtrong paſſion is impreſt in youth;
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, tho' then we thought them none:
Her eye is ſick on't, I obſerve her now.

Hel. What is your pleaſure, Madam?

Count. Helen, you know, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable miſtreſs.

Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? when I ſaid a mother,
Methought you ſaw a ſerpent; what's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay, I'm your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of thoſe
That were enwombed mine: 'tis often ſeen
Adoption ſtrives with nature, and choice breeds
A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds.
You ne'er oppreſt me with a mother's groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mother's care:
God's mercy, maiden, do's it curd thy blood,
To ſay I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
The many-colour'd *Iris*, rounds thine eyes?
Why —— that you are my daughter?

Hel.

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I ſay I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, Madam.
The Count *Roſſillon* cannot be my brother;
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My maſter, my dear lord he is, and I
His ſervant live, and will his vaſſal die:
He muſt not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, Madam; would you were
(So that my lord your ſon were not my brother)
Indeed my mother——or were you both our mothers
I cannot aſk for more than that of heav'n,
So I were not his ſiſter: can't be no other
Way I your daughter, but he muſt be my brother?

Count. Yes, *Helen*, you might be my daughter-in-law,
God ſhield you mean it not, daughter and mother
So ſtrive upon your pulſe; what, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondneſs. Now I ſee
The myſt'ry of your loneline ſs, and find
Your ſalt tears' head; now to all ſenſe 'tis groſs,
You love my ſon; invention is aſham'd,
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion,
To ſay thou doſt not; therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis ſo. For, look, thy cheeks
Confeſs it one to th'other, and thine eyes
See it ſo groſly ſhown in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they ſpeak it: only ſin
And helliſh obſtinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected; ſpeak, is't ſo?
If it be ſo, you've wound a goodly clew:
If it be not, forſwear't; howe'er, I charge thee,
As heav'n ſhall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me true.

Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my ſon?

Hel. Your pardon, noble miſtreſs.

Count. Love you my ſon?

Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, diſcloſe
The ſtate of your affection, for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hel. Then I confeſs
Here on my knee, before high heav'ns and you,
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,
I love your ſon:
My friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my love;
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuit,
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deſerve him,
Yet never know how that deſert ſhould be:
I know I love in vain, ſtrive againſt hope;
Yet in this captious and intenible ſive
I ſtill pour in the water of my love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill; thus *Indian*-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My deareſt Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my love
For loving where you do; but if your ſelf,
Whoſe aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in ſo true a flame of liking
Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*
Was both her ſelf and love; O, then give pity
To her whoſe ſtate is ſuch, ſhe cannot chuſe
But lend and give where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find that which ſearch implies,
But, riddle-like, lives ſweetly where ſhe dies.
Count. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to *Paris?*
Hel. I had.
Count. Wherefore? tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth, by grace itſelf I ſwear;
You know my father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, ſuch as his reading
And manifeſt experience had collected
For general ſov'reignty; and that he will'd me

In

In heedfull'ſt reſervation to beſtow them,
As notes, whoſe faculties incluſive were
More than they were in note: amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedy approv'd ſet down,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings, whereof
The King is render'd loſt.

Count. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, ſpeak?

Hel. My Lord your ſon made me to think of this;
Elſe *Paris*, and the medicine and the King,
Had from the converſation of my thoughts
Haply been abſent then.

Count. But think you, *Helen*,
If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed aid,
He would receive it? he and his phyſicians
Are of a mind; he, that he can't be help'd:
They, that they cannot help. How ſhall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the ſchools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itſelf?

Hel. There's ſomething hints,
More than my father's ſkill, which was the great'ſt
Of his profeſſion, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be ſanctified
By th' luckieſt ſtars in heav'n; and would your honour
But give me leave to try ſucceſs, I'd venture
This well-loſt life of mine on his Grace's cure,
By ſuch a day and hour.

Count. Doſt thou believ't?

Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, *Helen*, thou ſhalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To thoſe of mine in Court. I'll ſtay at home,
And pray God's bleſſing upon thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow, and be ſure of this,
What I can help thee to thou ſhalt not miſs. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court of France.

Enter the King, with two young Lords taking leave for the Florentine *war.* Bertram *and* Parolles. *Flouriſh Cornets.*

King. FArewel, young Lord: theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you; you, my Lord, farewel;
Share the advice betwixt you: If both gain, well!
The gift doth ſtretch it ſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, Sir,
After well-enter'd ſoldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs it owns the malady
That doth my life beſiege; farewel, young Lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy *French* men; let higher *Italy* *
(Thoſe baſtards that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt monarchy †) ſee that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The braveſt queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,
That fame may cry you loud! I ſay, farewel.

2 *Lord.* Health at your bidding ſerve your Majeſty!

King. Thoſe girls of *Italy*, take heed of them;
They ſay our *French* lack language to deny
If they demand: beware of being captives
Before you ſerve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel. [*Exit.*

* The ancient Geographers have divided *Italy* into the *higher* and the *lower*, the *Appenine* Hills being a kind of natural line of partition; the ſide next the *Adriatick* was denominated the *higher Italy*, and the other ſide the *lower*: and the two ſeas followed the ſame terms of diſtinction, the *Adriatick* being called the *upper* Sea, and the *Tyrrhene* or *Tuſcan* the *lower*. Now the *Senonois* or *Senois* with whom the *Florentines* are here ſuppoſed to be at war inhabited the *higher Italy*, their chief town being *Ariminum* now called *Rimini* upon the *Adriatick*.

† Reflecting upon the abject and degenerate condition of the Cities and States which aroſe out of the ruins of the *Roman* Empire, the laſt of the four great Monarchies of the World.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* Oh, my ſweet Lord, that you will ſtay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the ſpark—

2 *Lord.* Oh, 'tis brave wars.

Par. Moſt admirable; I have ſeen thoſe wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with, *Too young*, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early.*

Par. An thy mind ſtand to it, boy, ſteal away bravely.

Ber. Shall I ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,
Creeking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
'Till honour be bought up, and no ſword worn
But one to dance with? by heav'n, I'll ſteal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count,

2 *Lord.* I am your acceſſary, and ſo farewel.

Ber. I grow to you, and this our parting is
A tortur'd body.

1 *Lord.* Farewel, worthy captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monſieur *Parolles!* ——

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin; good ſparks and luſtrous! A word, good metals. You ſhall find in the regiment of the *Spinii*, one captain *Spurio* with his cicatrice, an embleme of war, here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrench'd it; ſay to him, I live, and obſerve his reports of me.

1 *Lord.* We ſhall, noble captain.

Par. *Mars* doat on you for his novices! what will you do?

Ber. Stay; the King—— [*Ex. Lords.*

Par. Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble Lords, you have reſtrain'd your ſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu; be more expreſſive to them, for they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there do muſter together, dreſs, ſpeak, and move under the influence of the moſt receiv'd ſtar; and tho' the devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewel.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſwordmen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter the King and* Lafeu.

Laf. Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my tidings.

King.

King. I'll ſee thee to ſtand up.

Laf. Then here's a man ſtands that hath brought his pardon.
I would you had kneel'd, my Lord, to aſk me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could ſo ſtand up.

King. I would I had, ſo I had broke thy pate,
And aſk'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, acroſs: but, my good Lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have ſeen a * Medicine
That's able to breathe life into a ſtone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With ſprightly fire and motion; whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerful to raiſe King *Pippen*, nay,
To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand
To write a love-line to her.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor ſhe: my Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her: now, by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that in her ſex, her years, profeſſion,
Wiſdom and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakneſs: will you ſee her,
For that is her demand, and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good *Lafeu*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondring how thou took'ſt it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* Lafeu.

King. Thus he his ſpecial nothings ever prologues.

Laf. [*Returns.*] Nay, come your ways.
[*Bringing in* Helena.

King. This haſte hath wings indeed.

* *Medicine* is here put for a *She-phyſician.*

Laf.

Laf. Nay, come your ways,
This is his Majeſty, ſay your mind to him;
A traitor you do look like, but ſuch traitors
His Majeſty ſeldom fears; I'm *Creſſid*'s uncle
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

King. Now, fair one, do's your buſineſs follow us?
Hel. Ay, my good Lord. *Gerard de Narbon* was
My father, in what he did profeſs, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſes tow'rds him;
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,
Which as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
And of his old experience th'only darling,
He bade me ſtore up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two: more dear I have ſo;
And hearing your high Majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant cauſe, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.
King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,
When our moſt learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ranſom nature
From her unaidable eſtate: we muſt not
So ſtain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malady
To empiricks, or to diſſever ſo
Our great ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
A ſenſeleſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.
Hel. My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce my office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts
A modeſt one to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee leſs to be call'd grateful;
Thou thought'ſt to help me, and ſuch thanks I give,
As one near death to thoſe that wiſh him live;

But

But what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy:
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment ſhown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown,
From ſimple ſources; and great ſtreams have dry'd,
When miracles have by th' greateſt been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt fits.

King. I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains not us'd muſt by thy ſelf be paid.
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inſpired merit ſo by breath is barr'd:
It is not ſo with him that all things knows
As 'tis with us that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of heav'n we count the act of men.
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give conſent,
Of heav'n, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impoſtor that proclaim
My ſelf againſt the level of mine aim,
But know I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.

King. Art thou ſo confident? within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?

Hel. The Greateſt lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moiſt *Heſperus* hath quench'd his ſleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes how they paſs;
What is infirm from your ſound parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſs freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?

Hel.

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A ſtrumpet's boldneſs, a divulged ſhame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd: otherwiſe, the worſt of worſt extended,
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.
King. Methinks in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak,
It powerful ſounds within an organ weak;
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate:
Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, virtue, all
That happineſs and prime can happy call;
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate.
Sweet practiſer, thy phyſick I will try,
That miniſters thine own death if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deſerv'd: not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promiſe me?
King. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my ſcepter, and my hopes of heaven.
Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What huſband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chuſe from forth the royal blood of *France*,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one, thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to aſk, thee to beſtow.
King. Here is my hand; the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So make the choice of thine own time; for I,
Thy reſolv'd patient, on thee ſtill rely.
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt,
Tho' more to know could not be more to truſt:
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on, but reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt,

Give me ſome help here, hoa! if thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rouſillon.*

Enter Counteſs and Clown.

Count. Come on, Sir, I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will ſhew my ſelf highly fed, and lowly taught; I know my buſineſs is but to the Court.

Count. To the Court? why, what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt? but to the Court!

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may eaſily put it off at Court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the Court: but for me, I have anſwer will ſerve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful anſwer that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your *French* crown for your taffaty punk, as *Tib*'s ruſh for *Tom*'s fore-finger, as a pancake for *Shrove-Tueſday*, a morris for *May-day*, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a ſcolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his ſkin.

Count. Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Count. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a Courtier,——it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could; I will be a fool

in

in queſtion; hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer. I pray you, Sir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O lord, Sir —— there's a ſimple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O lord, Sir —— thick, thick, ſpare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O lord, Sir, nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, Sir, as I think.

Clo. O lord, Sir —— ſpare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O lord, Sir, at your whipping, and ſpare not me? indeed, your *O lord, Sir*, is very ſequent to your whipping: you would anſwer very well to a whipping if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worſe luck in my life, in my *O lord, Sir*; I ſee things may ſerve long, and not ſerve ever.

Count. I play the noble huſwife with the time, to entertain it ſo merrily with a fool.

Clo. O lord, Sir——why, there't ſerves well again.

Count. An end, Sir; to your buſineſs: give *Helen* this,
And urge her to a preſent anſwer back.
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſon:
This isn't much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much imployment for you, you underſtand me.

Clo. Moſt fruitfully, I am there before my legs.

Count. Haſte you again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Court of* France.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. They ſay miracles are paſt, and we have our philoſophical perſons to make modern and familiar, things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, enſconſing our ſelves into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit our ſelves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder that hath ſhot out in our later times.

Ber. And ſo 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquiſh'd of the artiſts.

Par. So I ſay, both of *Galen* and *Paracelſus*.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows.

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable.

Par. Why, there 'tis, ſo ſay I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man aſſur'd of an ——

Laf. Uncertain life; and ſure death.

Par. Juſt, you ſay well: ſo would I have ſaid.

Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed, if you will have it in ſhewing, you ſhall read it in what do you call there ——

Laf. A ſhewing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it, I would have ſaid the very ſame.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not luſtier: for me, I ſpeak in reſpect ——

Par. Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it, and he's of a moſt facinerious ſpirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the ——

Laf. Very hand of heav'n.

Par. Ay, ſo I ſay.

Laf. In a moſt weak ——

Par. And debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence, which ſhould indeed give us a further uſe to be made than only the recov'ry of the King, as to be ——

Laf. Generally thankful.

SCENE VI.

Enter King, Helena, *and Attendants.*

Par. I would have ſaid it, you ſaid well: here comes the King.

Laf. Luſtick, as the *Dutchman* ſays: I'll like a maid the better while I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a corranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! is not this *Helen?*

Laf. 'Fore God, I think ſo.

King. Go call before me all the Lords in Court.
Sit, my preſerver, by thy patient's ſide,
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, ſend forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble batchelors ſtand at my beſtowing,
O'er whom both ſov'reign power and father's voice
I have to uſe; thy frank election make,
Thou haſt power to chuſe, and they none to forſake.

Hel. To each of you, one fair and virtuous miſtreſs
Fall, when love pleaſe! marry, to each but one.

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than theſe boys,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe but had a noble father.

[*She addreſſes her ſelf to a Lord.*

Hel. Gentlemen, heav'n hath, through me, reſtor'd
The King to health.

All. We underſtand it, and thank heav'n for you.

Hel. I am a ſimple maid, and therein wealthieſt,
That I proteſt I ſimply am a maid——
Pleaſe it your Majeſty, I have done already:
The bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me,
We bluſh that thou ſhould'ſt chuſe; but being refus'd
Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever,
We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice and ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love ſhuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, *Dian*, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial *Love* that God moſt high,
Do my ſighs ſtream: Sir, will you hear my ſuit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, Sir;——all the reſt is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw Ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,

[*To the ſecond Lord.*

Before I ſpeak, too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above,
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you pleaſe.

Hel. My wiſh receive,
Which great *Love* grant! and ſo I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? if they were ſons of mine, I'd have them whipp'd, or I would ſend them to the *Turk* to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand ſhould take,
[*To the third Lord.*
I'll never do you wrong for your own ſake:
Bleſſing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. Theſe boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her: ſure they are baſtards to the *Engliſh*, the *French* ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good
[*To the fourth.*
To make your ſelf a ſon out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not ſo.

Par. There's one grape yet, I am ſure thy father drunk wine.

Laf. But if thou be'ſt not an aſs, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay I take you, but I give
Me and my ſervice, ever whilſt I live,
Into your guiding power: this is the man. [*To* Bertram.

King. Why then, young *Bertram*, take her, ſhe's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my Liege? I ſhall beſeech your Highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'ſt thou not, *Bertram*,
What ſhe hath done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good Lord,
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

King. Thou know'ſt ſhe rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor phyſician's daughter: ſhe my wife!
Diſdain rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis
But title thou diſdain'ſt in her, the which
I can build up: ſtrange is it that our bloods

Of

Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, ſave what thou diſlik'ſt
A poor phyſician's daughter, thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo.
From loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.
Where great addition ſwells, and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour; good alone
Is good without a name, in't ſelf is ſo:
The property by what it is ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair,
In theſe to nature ſhe's immediate heir;
And theſe breed honour: that is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges it ſelf as honour-born,
And is not like the ſire. Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the meer Word's a ſlave
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed; what ſhould be ſaid?
If thou canſt like this creature as a maid,
I can create the reſt: virtue and ſhe,
Is her own dow'r; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'ſt thy ſelf, if thou ſhouldſt ſtrive to chuſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd, my Lord, I'm glad:
Let the reſt go.

King. My honour's at the ſtake, which to defend
I muſt produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert; that canſt not dream,
We poizing us in her defective ſcale
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We pleaſe to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travels in thy good; Believe

Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims:
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the ſtaggers and the careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance; my revenge and hate
Let looſe upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes. When I conſider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid; I find that ſhe which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe, is now
The praiſed of the King; who ſo ennobled,
Is as 'twere born ſo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize; if not in thy eſtate
A ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
Smile upon the contract! whoſe ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the now born brief,
And be perform'd to-night; the ſolemn feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe does err. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Manent* Parolles *and* Lafeu.

Laf. Do you hear, Monſieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure, Sir.

Laf. Your lord and maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? my lord? my maſter?

Laf. Ay, is it not a language I ſpeak?

Par. A moſt harſh one, and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My maſter?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count *Rouſſillon*?

Par. To any Count; to all Counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is Count's man; Count's maſter is of another ſtile.

Par.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it ſatisfie you, you are too old.

Laf. I muſt tell thee, ſirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee for two ordinaries to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel, it might paſs; yet the ſcarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee ——

Laf. Do not plunge thy ſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy tryal; which if — Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! ſo, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy caſement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deſerv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer ——

Laf. Ev'n as ſoon as thou canſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack o'th' contrary. If ever thou beeſt bound in thy ſcarf and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may ſay on thy defaults he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal. * [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy Lord: well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him,

* —— eternal: for doing I am paſt, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, &c.

by

by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—— I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Laſeu.

Laſ. Sirrah, your lord and maſter's married, there's news for you: you have a new miſtreſs.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your Lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs. He, my good Lord, whom I ſerve above is my maſter.

Laſ. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laſ. The devil it is, that's thy maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy arms o' this faſhion? doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee. I think thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my Lord.

Laſ. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſawcy with Lords and honourable perſonages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commiſſion. You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter* Bertram.

Par. Good, very good, it is ſo then. Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, ſweet heart?

Ber. Although before the ſolemn prieſt I've ſworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, ſweet heart?

Ber. O my *Parolles*, they have married me: I'll to the *Tuſcan* wars, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to th' wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what th' import is, I know not yet.

Par.

Par. Ay, that would be known: to th' wars, my boy, to th' wars!
He wears his honour in a box unſeen,
That hugs his kickſy-wickſy here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of *Mars*'s fiery ſteed: to other regions
France is a ſtable, we that dwell in't jades,
Therefore to th' war!

Ber. It ſhall be ſo, I'll ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King
That which I durſt not ſpeak. His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe *Italian* fields
Where noble fellows ſtrike. War is no ſtrife
To the dark houſe, and the deteſted wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art ſure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me.
I'll ſend her ſtrait away: even to-morrow
I'll to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why, theſe balls bound, there's noiſe in't. 'Tis hard,
A young man married is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,
The King has done you wrong: but huſh, 'tis ſo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Enter* Helena *and Clown.*

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet ſhe has her health; ſhe's very merry, but yet ſhe is not well: thanks be given ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'th' world; but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be very well, what does ſhe ail, that ſhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe is not in heav'n, whither God ſend her quickly! the other, that ſhe's on earth, whence God ſend her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. 'Bleſs you, my fortunate lady!

Hel.

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them ſtill. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her mony, I would ſhe did as you ſay.

Par. Why, I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiſer man; for many a man's tongue ſhakes out his maſter's undoing: to ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You ſhould have ſaid, Sir, before a knave; thou art a knave; and I am before thee that art a knave: this had been truth, Sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in your ſelf, Sir? or were you taught to find me? the ſearch, Sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleaſure, and the encreaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.
Madam, my lord will go away to-night,
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge,
But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint:
Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, are ſtrew'd with ſweets
Which they diſtil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o' th' King,
And make this haſte as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo. [*Exit* Par.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, Sirrah. [*To the Clown.*] [*Exe.*

SCENE X. *Enter* Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.

Ber. Yes, my Lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do aſſure you, my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then ſinned againſt his experience, and tranſgreſs'd againſt his valour; and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will purſue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done, Sir.

Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his tayſor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I, Sir; he, Sir, 's a good workman, a very good taylor.

Ber. Is ſhe gone to the King? [*Aſide to* Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will ſhe away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, caſketed my treaſure, given order for our horſes; and to-night, when I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the bride —— and ere I do begin ——

Laf. A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uſes a known truth to paſs a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard and thrice beaten — God ſave you, captain!

Ber. Is there any unkindneſs between my Lord and you, Monſieur?

Par. I know not how I have deſerved to run into my Lord's diſpleaſure.

Laf. You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that leapt into the cuſtard; and out of it you'll

you'll run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may be you have miſtaken him, my Lord.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my Lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the ſoul of this man is his clothes. Truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, Monſieur, I have ſpoken better of you than you have or will deſerve at my hand, but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle Lord, I ſwear.

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common ſpeech gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my clog.

SCENE XI. *Enter* Helena.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave
For preſent parting; only he deſires
Some private ſpeech with you.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, *Helen*, at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The miniſtration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſs; and am therefore found
So much unſettled: this drives me to intreat you,
That preſently you take your way for home,
And rather muſe than aſk why, I intreat you;
For my reſpects are better than they ſeem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than ſhews it ſelf at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I ſhall ſee you, ſo
I leave you to your wiſdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel.

Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out that
Wherein tow'rd me my homely ſtars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go:
My haſte is very great. Farewel; hie home.
Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you ſay?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I ſay 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a tim'rous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something, and ſcarce ſo much — nothing indeed —
I would not tell you what I would — 'faith, yes —
Strangers and foes do ſunder, and not kiſs.
Ber. I pray you, ſtay not; but in haſte to horſe.
Hel. I ſhall not break your bidding, good my Lord.
Ber. Where are my other men, Monſieur? farewel,
Go thou tow'rd home; where I will never come, [*Ex.* Hel.
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum:
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, Couragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

FLORENCE.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, *two* French *Lords, with ſoldiers.*

Duke. SO that from point to point now have you heard
The fundamental reaſons of this war,
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth,
And more thirſts after.
1 *Lord.* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; but black and fearful
On the oppoſer's.
Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our couſin *France*
Would, in ſo juſt a buſineſs, ſhut his boſom
Againſt our borrowing prayers.
2 *Lord.* Good my Lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield,

But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By ſelf-unable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, ſince I have found
My ſelf in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſt.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

2 *Lord.* But I am ſure the younger of our nation,
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will day by day
Come here for phyſick.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they be:
And all the honours that can fly from us,
Shall on them ſettle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fall:
To-morrow to the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to* Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs and Clown.

Count. It hath happen'd all as I would have had it, ſave that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what obſervance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and ſing; mend his ruff, and ſing; aſk queſtions, and ſing; pick his teeth, and ſing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy, ſold a goodly manor for a ſong.

Count. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means to come.

Clo. I have no mind to *Iſbel* ſince I was at Court. Our old ling, and our *Iſbels* o'th' country, are nothing like your old ling, and your *Iſbels* o'th' Court: the brain of my *Cupid*'s knock'd out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no ſtomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Counteſs reads a letter.

I have ſent you a daughter-in-law: ſhe hath recovered the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and ſworn to make the not *eternal. You ſhall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth*

breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate ſon,

Bertram.

This is not well, raſh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a King,
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the miſprifing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy news within between two ſoldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort, your ſon will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

Count. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more. For my part, I only heard your ſon was run away.

SCENE III. *Enter* Helena *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gen.* Save you, good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gen.* Do not ſay ſo.

Count. Think upon patience, 'pray you: Gentlemen,
I've felt ſo many quirks of joy and grief,
That the firſt face of neither on the ſtart
Can woman me unto't. Where is my ſon?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to ſerve the Duke of *Florence.*
We met him thitherward, from thence we came;
And after ſome diſpatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, Madam, here's my paſſport.

When thou canſt get the ring from my finger, which never ſhall come off, and ſhew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me huſband: but in ſuch a Then *I write a* Never.

This is a dreadful ſentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, Gentlemen?

1 *Gen.* Ay, Madam, and, for the contents ſake, are ſorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, Lady, have a better cheer.
If thou engroſſeſt all the griefs as thine,
Thou robb'ſt me of a moiety: he was my ſon,
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards *Florence* is he?

2 *Gen.* Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a ſoldier?

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpoſe; and believ't
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gen.* Ay, Madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in* France. [*Reading.*

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Yes, Madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand happily which his heart was not conſenting to.

Count. Nothing in *France* until he have no wife?
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only ſhe, and ſhe deſerves a Lord,
That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly miſtreſs. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A ſervant only, and a gentleman
Which I have ſometime known.

Count. *Parolles*, was't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good Lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedneſs: my ſon corrupts a well-deriv'd nature with his inducement.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good Lady, the fellow has a deal of that too much, which 'hoves him not much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, Gentlemen; I will intreat you, when you ſee my ſon, to tell him that his ſword can never win the honour that he loſes: more I'll intreat you written to bear along.

2 *Gen.*

2 *Gen.* We ſerve you, Madam, in that and all your worthieſt affairs.

Count. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies. Will you draw near? [*Exe. Count and Gentlemen.*

SCENE IV.

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in* France. Nothing in *France* until he has no wife! Thou ſhalt have none, *Rouſillon*, none in *France*, Then haſt thou all again. Poor Lord! is't I That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event Of the none-ſparing war? and is it I, That drive thee from the ſportive Court, where thou Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark Of ſmoaky muſquets? O you leaden meſſengers, That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire, Fly with falſe aim, pierce the ſtill-moving air That ſings with piercing, do not touch my Lord: Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there. Whoever charges on his forward breaſt, I am the caitiff that do hold him to it, And tho' I kill him not, I am the cauſe His death was ſo effected. Better 'twere I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd With ſharp conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere That all the miſeries which nature owes Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Rouſillon*, Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar, As oft it loſes all. I will be gone: My being here it is that holds thee hence. Shall I ſtay here to do't? no, no, although The air of paradiſe did fan the houſe, And angels offic'd all; I will be gone, That pitiful rumour may report my flight To conſolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day! For with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. Florence.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, *Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers,* Parolles.

Duke. The General of our horſe thou art, and we,

Great

Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence
Upon thy promiſing fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength; but yet
We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To th' extream edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go forth,
And fortune play upon thy proſp'rous helm,
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs!

Ber. This very day,
Great *Mars*, I put my ſelf into thy file;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum; hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know ſhe would do as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter? Read it again.

LETTER.

I am St. Jaques' *Pilgrim, thither gone;*
Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody courſe of war,
My deareſt maſter, your dear ſon, may hie;
Bleſs him at home in peace, whilſt I from far
His name with zealous fervour ſanctifie.
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I his deſpightful Juno *ſent him forth*
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I my ſelf embrace, to ſet him free.

Ah, what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words!
Rynaldo, you ne'er lack'd advice ſo much,
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.

Stew.

Stew. Pardon, Madam,
If I had giv'n you this at over-night
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet ſhe writes
Purſuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel ſhall
Bleſs this unworthy huſband? he cannot thrive,
Unleſs her prayers, which heav'n delights to hear
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greateſt juſtice. Write, oh, write, *Rynaldo*,
To this unworthy huſband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greateſt grief,
Tho' little does he feel it, ſet down ſharply.
Diſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger;
When haply he ſhall hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return, and hope I may that ſhe,
Hearing ſo much, may ſpeed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is deareſt to me, I've no ſkill in ſenſe
To make diſtinction. Provide this meſſenger;
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak,
Grief would have tears, but ſorrow bids me ſpeak.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Florence.

A Tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, *and* Mariana, *with other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come. For if they do approach the city, we ſhall loſe all the ſight.

Dia. They ſay the *French* Count has done moſt honourable ſervice.

Wid. It is reported that he has ta'en their greateſt Commander, and that with his own hand he ſlew the Duke's brother. We have loſt our labour, they are gone a contrary way: hark, you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and ſuffice our ſelves with the report of it. Well, *Diana*, take heed of this *French* Earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

Wid.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been ſollicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, hang him, one *Parolles*; a filthy officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young Earl; beware of them, *Diana*; their promiſes, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt are but the things they go under; many a maid hath been ſeduced by them, and the miſery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhews in the wreck of maiden-hood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to adviſe you further, but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, tho' there were no further danger found, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena *diſguiſed like a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope ſo. Look, here comes a Pilgrim; I know ſhe will lye at my houſe; thither they ſend one another; I'll queſtion her: God ſave you, Pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To St. *Jaques le Grand.* Where do the palmers lodge, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the St. *Francis* here beſide the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*

Wid. Ay marry is't. Hark you, they come this way. If you will tarry, holy Pilgrim, but 'till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd;
The rather, for I think I know your hoſteſs
As ample as my ſelf.

Hel. Is it your ſelf?

Wid. If you ſhall pleaſe ſo, Pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will ſtay upon your leiſure.

Wid. You came, I think, from *France?*

Hel. True, I did ſo.

Wid. Here you ſhall ſee a country-man of yours,
That has done worthy ſervice.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rouſſillon:* know you ſuch a one?

Hel.

Hel. But by the ear that hears moſt nobly of him;
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatſoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He ſtole from *France*,
As 'tis reported; for the King had married him
Againſt his liking. Think you it is ſo?

Hel. Ay ſurely, the meer truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that ſerves the Count
Reports but courſely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monſieur *Parolles*.

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great Count himſelf, ſhe is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Ah poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a deteſting lord.

Wid. Ah! right; good creature! whereſoe'er ſhe is,
Her heart weighs ſadly; this young maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn, if ſhe pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the am'rous Count ſollicites her
In the unlawful purpoſe.

Wid. He does indeed,
And brokes with all that can in ſuch a ſuit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

SCENE VIII. *Drum and Colours.*

Enter Bertram, Parolles, *Officers and Soldiers attending.*

Mar. The Gods forbid elſe!

Wid. So now they come:
That is *Antonio*, the Duke's eldeſt ſon;
That *Eſcalus*.

Hel. Which is the *Frenchman?*

Dia. He;
That with the plume; 'tis a moſt gallant fellow,

I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honeſter,
He were much goodlier. But is it not
A handſome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he's not honeſt: yond's that ſame knave
That leads him to theſe paces; were I his lady,
I'd poiſon that vile raſcal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with ſcarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th' battel.

Par. Loſe our drum!

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vex'd at ſomething. Look he has ſpied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you! [*Exeunt* Ber. Par. *&c.*

Mar. And your courteſie, for a ring-carrier!

Wid. The troop is paſt: come, Pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you ſhall hoſt: of injoyn'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St. *Jaques* bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Bertram *and the two* French *Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my Lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your Lordſhip find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am ſo far deceiv'd in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my Lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinſman; he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your Lordſhip's entertainment.

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, leſt repoſing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at ſome great and truſty buſineſs in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum; which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of *Florentines*, will ſuddenly ſurprize him; ſuch I will have whom I am ſure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him ſo that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adverſaries, when we bring him to our own tents; be but your Lordſhip preſent at his examination, if he do not for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he ſays he has a ſtratagem for't; when your Lordſhip ſees the bottom of his ſucceſs in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of oar will be melted, if you give him not *Tom Drum*'s entertainment, * your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

SCENE X. *Enter* Parolles.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his deſign, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, Monſieur? this drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum ſo loſt! there was excellent command! to charge in with our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſoldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the ſervice; it was a diſaſter of war that *Cæſar* himſelf could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

* *Holingſhed* in his deſcription of *Ireland* mentions a Lord Mayor of *Dublin* ſo hoſpitable that his Porter durſt not give the meaneſt man that reſorted to his houſe *Tom Drum's entertainment*; *which is*, ſays he, *To hale a man in by the head and thruſt him out by the ſhoulders.*

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſs: ſome diſhonour we had in the loſs of that drum, but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of ſervice is ſeldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a ſtomach to't, Monſieur; if you think your myſtery in ſtratagem can bring this inſtrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well in it, the Duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſs.

Par. By the hand of a ſoldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening, and I will preſently pen down my dilemma's, encourage my ſelf in my certainty, put my ſelf into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the ſucceſs will be, my Lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant, and to the poſſibility of thy ſoldierſhip, will ſubſcribe for thee; farewel.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fiſh loves water. Is not this a ſtrange fellow, my Lord, that ſo confidently ſeems to undertake this buſineſs, which he knows is not to be done; damns himſelf to do it, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my Lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will ſteal himſelf into a man's favour, and for a week eſcape a great deal of diſcoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of

of this that ſo ſeriouſly he does addreſs himſelf unto?

2 *Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almoſt imboſt him, you ſhall ſee his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your Lordſhip's reſpect.

1 *Lord.* We'll make you ſome ſport with the fox ere we uncaſe him. He was firſt ſmoak'd by the old Lord *Lafeu*; when his diſguiſe and he are parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him; which you ſhall ſee this very night.

2 *Lord.* I muſt go and look my twigs; he ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he ſhall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As't pleaſe your Lordſhip. I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhew you
The laſs I ſpoke of.

1 *Lord.* But you ſay ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault: I ſpoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I ſent to her,
By this ſame coxcomb that we have i'th' wind,
Tokens and letters; which ſhe did reſend;
And this is all I've done: ſhe's a fair creature,
Will you go ſee her?

1 *Lord.* With all my heart, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *Enter* Helena *and Widow.*

Hel. If you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhe,
I know not how I ſhall aſſure you further,
But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho' my eſtate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes,
And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.

Hel. Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt give me truſt, the Count he is my huſband,
And what to your ſworn counſel I have ſpoken,
Is ſo from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you ſhall borrow,
Err in beſtowing it.

Wid. I ſhould believe you,
For you have ſhew'd me that which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purſe of gold,

And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The Count wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton ſiege before her beauty,
Reſolves to carry her; let her conſent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis beſt to bear it.
Now his importunate blood will nought deny
That ſhe'll demand: a ring the Count does wear
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe
From ſon to ſon, ſome four or five deſcents,
Since the firſt father wore it. This ring he holds
In moſt rich choice: yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now do I ſee the bottom of your purpoſe.

Hel. You ſee it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her ſelf moſt chaſtly abſent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand crowns
To what is paſt already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſever,
That time and place, with this deceit ſo lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With muſick of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her unworthineſs: it nothing ſteads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he perſiſts,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to-night
Let us aſſay our plot, which if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;
Unlawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact.
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continues in Florence.

Enter one of the French *Lords, with five or ſix Soldiers in ambuſh.*

Lord. HE can come no other way but by this hedge-corner; when you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will; though you underſtand it not your ſelves, no matter; for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him, unleſs ſome one amongſt us, whom we muſt produce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good captain, let me be th' interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linſie-woolſie haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

Sol. Ev'n ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

Lord. He muſt think us ſome band of ſtrangers i'th' adverſaries entertainment. Now he hath a ſmack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we ſpeak one to another: ſo we ſeem to know is to ſhew ſtraight our purpoſe: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politick. But couch, hoa! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten a clock; within theſe three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What ſhall I ſay I have done? it muſt be a very plauſive invention that carries it. They begin to ſmoak me, and diſgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door; I find my tongue is too fool-hardy, but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the firſt truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aſide.*

Par. What the devil ſhould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impoſſibi-

lity, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt give my ſelf ſome hurts, and ſay I got them in exploit; yet ſlight ones will not carry it. They will ſay, came you off with ſo little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the inſtance? tongue, I muſt put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy my ſelf another of *Bajazet*'s mute, if you prattle me into theſe perils.

Lord. Is it poſſible he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aſide.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn, or the breaking of my *Spaniſh* Sword.

Lord. We cannot afford you ſo. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and [to ſay it was in ſtratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or to drown my cloaths, and ſay I was ſtript.

Lord. Hardly ſerve. [*Aſide.*

Par. Though I ſwore I leap'd from the window of the cittadel—

Lord. How deep? [*Aſide.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would ſcarce make that be believed. [*Aſide.*

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemies, I would ſwear I recover'd it.

Lord. You ſhall hear one anon. [*Aſide.*

Par. A drum now of the enemies. [*Alarum within.*

Lord. Throco movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.

Par. Oh! ranſom, ranſom; do not hide mine eyes. [*They ſeize him and blindfold him.*

Inter. Baſkos thromaldo beſkos.

Par. I know you are the *Muſkos* regiment,
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language.
If there be here *German* or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,
Italian, or *French*, let him ſpeak to me,
I'll diſcover that which ſhall undo the *Florentine.*

Inter. Baſkos vauvado, I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue, *Kerelybonto*, Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards are at thy boſom.

Par.

Par. Oh!

Inter. Oh, pray, pray, pray.

Mancha ravancha dulche.

Lord. Oſceoribi dulchos volivorco.

Inter. The General is content to ſpare thee yet,
And hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our camp I'll ſhew;
Their force, their purpoſes: nay, I'll ſpeak that
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Inter. Acordio linta.
Come on, thou art granted ſpace. [*Exit.*

[*A ſhort alarum within.*

Lord. Go, tell the Count *Rouſſillon* and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
'Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto our ſelves,
Inform 'em that.

Sol. So I will, Sir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark and ſafely lockt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Bertram *and* Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fontibell.*

Dia. No, my good Lord, *Diana.*

Ber. Titled Goddeſs,
And worth it with addition! but, fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern;
And now you ſhould be as your mother was
When your ſweet ſelf was got.

Dia. She then was honeſt.

Ber. So ſhould you be.

Dia.

Dia. No.
My mother did but duty; ſuch, my Lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that!
I pr'ythee do not ſtrive againſt my vows:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.
Dia. Ay, ſo you ſerve us
'Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick our ſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.
Ber. How have I ſworn!
Dia. Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain ſingle vow that is vow'd true;
What is not holy that we ſwear not by,
But take the High'ſt to witneſs: then pray tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by *Jove*'s great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him. Therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions but unſeal'd,
At leaſt in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not ſo holy cruel. Love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: ſtand no more off,
But give thy ſelf unto my ſick deſires,
Which then recover. Say thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſever.
Dia. I ſee that men make hopes in ſuch affairs
That we'll forſake our ſelves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not, my Lord?
Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors,
Which were the greateſt obloquy i' th' world
In me to loſe.

Dia.

Dia. Mine honour's ſuch a ring;
My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors,
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'th'world
In me to loſe. Thus your own proper wiſdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.

Ber. Here, take my ring.
My houſe, my honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window;
I'll order take, my mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd;
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our paſt deeds.
Adieu 'till then, then fail not: you have won
A wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

Ber. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heav'n and me!
You may ſo in the end.
My mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſate in's heart; ſhe ſays, all men
Have the like oaths: he had ſworn to marry me
When his wife's dead: therefore I'll lye with him
When I am buried. Since men are ſo braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid;
Only in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſin
To cozen him that would unjuſtly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter the two French *Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour ſince; there is ſomething in't that ſtings his nature, for on the reading it he chang'd almoſt into another man.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for ſhaking off ſo good a wife and ſo ſweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Eſpecially he hath incurred the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a moſt chaſt renown, and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſt compoſition.

1 *Lord.* Now God allay our rebellion! as we are our ſelves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Meerly our own traitors; and as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveal themſelves, ere they attain to their abhorr'd ends; ſo he that in this action contrives againſt his own nobility, in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.

1 *Lord.* Is it not moſt damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? we ſhall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him ſee his companion anatomiz'd, that he might take a meaſure of his own judgment, wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him 'till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of theſe wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I aſſure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count *Roufillon* do then? will he travel higher, or return again into *France?*

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir! ſo ſhould I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife ſome two months ſince fled from his houſe, her pretence is a pilgrimage to St. *Jaques le grand*; which holy undertaking, with a moſt auſtere ſanctimony, ſhe accompliſh'd; and there reſiding, the tenderneſs of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her laſt breath, and now ſhe ſings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this juſtified?

1 *Lord.* The ſtronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her ſtory true, even to the point of her death; her death it ſelf (which could not be her office to ſay is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, from point to point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily ſorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily ſometimes we make us comforts of our loſſes!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily ſome other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, ſhall at home be encounter'd with a ſhame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would deſpair if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your maſter?

Ser. He met the Duke in the ſtreet, Sir, of whom he hath taken a ſolemn leave: his Lordſhip will next morning for *France*. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2 *Lord.* They ſhall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Bertram.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too ſweet for the King's tartneſs: here's his Lordſhip now. How now, my Lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night diſpatch'd ſixteen buſineſſes, a month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs; I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neareſt;

buried

buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my Lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and between theſe main parcels of diſpatch, effected many nicer deeds; the laſt was the greateſt, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your Lordſhip.

Ber. I mean the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But ſhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the ſoldier? come, bring forth this counterfeit medal; h'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning propheſier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth; h'as ſate in the ſtocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter, his heels have deſerv'd it in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long. How does he carry himſelf?

1 *Lord.* I have told your Lordſhip already: the ſtocks carry him. But to anſwer you as you would be underſtood, he weeps like a wench that had ſhed her milk; he hath confeſt himſelf to *Morgan*, whom he ſuppoſes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i'th'ſtocks; and what think you he hath confeſt?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face; if your Lordſhip be in't, as I believe you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

SCENE V. *Enter* Parolles *with his Interpreter.*

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled! he can ſay nothing of me.

1 *Lord.* Huſh! Hoodman comes: *Portotartaroſſa.*

Inter. He calls for the tortures; what will you ſay without them?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint; if ye pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

Inter. Boſko Chimurco.

1 *Lord. Biblibindo chicurmurco.*

Inter. You are a merciful General: our General bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aſk you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live,

Inter.

Inter. Firſt demand of him, how many horſe the Duke is ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand, but very weak and unſerviceable; the troops are all ſcatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Inter. Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do, I'll take the ſacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to me.

Ber. What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this!

1 *Lord.* Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this is Monſieur *Parolles*, the gallant militareſt, that was his own phraſe, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never truſt a man again for keeping his ſword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

Inter. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe I ſaid, I will ſay true, or thereabouts ſet down, for I'll ſpeak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

Inter. Well, that's ſet down,

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Inter. Demand of him of what ſtrength they are a-foot, what ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live but this preſent hour, I will tell true. Let me ſee; *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebaſtian* ſo many, *Corambus* ſo many, *Jaques* ſo many; *Guiltian*, *Coſmo*, *Lodowick* and *Gratii*, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentii*, two hundred and fifty each; ſo that the muſter file, rotten and ſound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thouſand poll, half of the which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks, leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand

of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

Inter. Well, that's ſet down. You ſhall demand of him, whether one captain *Dumain* be i'th' camp, a *Frenchman*; what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honeſty, and expertneſs in war; or whether he thinks it were not poſſible with well-weighing ſums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What ſay you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beſeech you, let me anſwer to the particular of the Interrogatories. Demand them ſingly.

Inter. Do you know this captain *Dumain?*

Par. I know him; he was a botcher's prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the ſheriff's fool with child, a dumb innocent, that could not ſay him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Inter. Well, is this captain in the Duke of *Florence*'s camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowſie.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not ſo upon me, we ſhall hear of your Lordſhip anon.

Inter. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me the other day to turn him out o'th' band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

Inter. Marry, we'll ſearch.

Par. In good ſadneſs I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

Inter. Here 'tis, here's a paper, ſhall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

Inter. Dian, *the Count's a fool, and full of gold.*

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertiſement to a proper maid in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heed of the allurement of one Count *Rouſillon*, a fooliſh idle boy, but for all that very ruttiſh. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Inter.

Inter. Nay, I'll read it firſt, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and laſcivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both ſides rogue.

Interpreter *reads the letter.*

When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
Half won is match well made, match well and make it;
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before.
And ſay a ſoldier (Dian) *told thee this:*
Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiſs.
For count on this, the Count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
PAROLLES.

Ber. He ſhall be whipt through the army with this rhime in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguiſt and the armi-potent ſoldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Inter. I perceive, Sir, by the General's looks, we ſhall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any caſe; not that I am afraid to die, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a dungeon, i'th' ſtocks, any where, ſo I may live.

Inter. We'll ſee what may be done, ſo you confeſs freely; therefore once more to this captain *Dumain*: you have anſwer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honeſty?

Par. He will ſteal, Sir, an egg out of a cloiſter: for rapes and raviſhments he parallels *Neſſus*. He profeſſes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is ſtronger than *Hercules*. He will lie, Sir, with ſuch volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue, for he will be ſwine-drunk, and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed-cloaths about him; but they

know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, Sir, of his honeſty, he has every thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have; what an honeſt man ſhould have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Inter. What ſay you to his expertneſs in war?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, h'as led the drum before the *Engliſh* tragedians: to belie him I will not, and more of his ſoldierſhip I know not, except in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd *Mile-end*, to inſtruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villainy ſo far that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat ſtill.

Inter. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to aſk you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *Quart-d'ecu* he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' intail from all remainders, and a perpetual ſucceſſion in it perpetually.

Inter. What's his brother, the other captain *Dumain?*

2 *Lord.* Why do's he aſk him of me?

Inter. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' th' ſame neſt; not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſs, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the beſt that is. In a retreat he out-runs any lacky; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Inter. If your life be ſaved, will you undertake to betray the *Florentine?*

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horſe, Count *Roufillon.*

Inter. I'll whiſper with the General and know his pleaſure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! only to ſeem to deſerve well, and to beguile the ſuppoſition of that laſcivious young boy the Count, have I run into

into danger; yet who would have ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken? [*Aſide.*

Inter. There is no remedy, Sir, but you muſt die; the General ſays, you that have ſo traiterouſly diſcovered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for no honeſt uſe; therefore you muſt die. Come, headſman, off with his head.

Par. O lord, Sir, let me live, or let me ſee my death.

Inter. That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends: [*Unbinding him.*

So look about you; know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bleſs you, captain *Parolles.*

1 *Lord.* God ſave you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafeu?* I am for *France.*

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of that ſame ſonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the Count *Rouſſillon?* If I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Inter. You are undone, captain, all but your ſcarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a plot?

Inter. If you could find out a country where but women were that had receiv'd ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, Sir, I am for *France* too, we ſhall ſpeak of you there. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Par. Yet I am thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this. Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and ſleep as ſoft
As captain ſhall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and, *Parolles*, live
Safeſt in ſhame! being fool'd by fool'ry thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *The Widow's house at* Florence.

Enter Helena, *Widow and* Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greateſt in the chriſtian world
Shall be my ſurety; 'fore whoſe throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was I did him a deſired office,
Dear almoſt as his life; for which, gratitude
Through flinty *Tartars* boſom would peep forth,
And anſwer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at *Marſeilles*, to which place
We have convenient convoy; you muſt know
I am ſuppoſed dead; the army breaking,
My huſband hies him home, where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good Lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a ſervant to whoſe truſt
Your buſineſs was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, miſtreſs,
Ever a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love: doubt not but heav'n
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dowre,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a huſband. But, O ſtrange men!
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,
When fancy truſting in the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night; ſo luſt doth play
With what it loaths for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, *Diana*,
Under my poor inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honeſty
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Upon your will to ſuffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you,
Bear with the word: the time will bring on ſummer,
When briars ſhall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as ſweet as ſharp: we muſt away,
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time reviles us;

All's well that Ends well, ſtill the fine's the crown;
What-e'er the courſe, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to* Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs, Lafeu, *and Clown.*

Laf. No, no, no, your ſon was miſ-led with a ſnipt taffata fellow there, whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour.* Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your ſon here at home more advanc'd by the King, but for that red-tail'd humble-bee I ſpeak of.

Count. I would he had not known him, it was the death of the moſt virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praiſe for creating; if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thouſand ſallets ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, ſhe was the ſweet marjoram of the ſallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not ſallet-herbs, you knave, they are noſe-herbs.

Clo. I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar,* Sir, I have not much ſkill in graſs.

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thy ſelf, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's ſervice, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your diſtinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

Laf. So you were a knave at his ſervice indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my folly, Sir, to do her ſervice.

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your ſervice.

Laf. No, no, no.

* Alluding to two faſhions then in vogue; one of uſing yellow ſtarch for their ruffs and bands, the other of colouring Paſt with ſaffron.

Clo.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a Prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a *Frenchman?*

Clo. 'Faith, Sir, he has an *Engliſh* name, but his phiſnomy is more honour'd in *France* than there.*

Laf. What Prince is that?

Clo. The black Prince, Sir, *alias* the Prince of darkneſs, *alias* the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purſe; I give thee not this to ſeduce thee from thy maſter thou talk'ſt of, ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire, and the maſter I ſpeak of ever keeps a good fire; but ſince he is the Prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's Court. I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: ſome that humble themſelves may, but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horſes be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, they ſhall be jades tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A ſhrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My Lord that's gone made himſelf much ſport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſawcineſs; and indeed he has no place, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiſs; and I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good lady's death, and that my Lord your ſon was upon his return home, I mov'd the King my maſter to ſpeak in the behalf of my daughter; which in the minority of them both, his Majeſty, out of a ſelf-gracious remembrance, did firſt propoſe; his Highneſs hath promis'd me to do it; and to ſtop up the diſpleaſure

* Alluding to the darker complexions of the *French*.

he

he hath conceiv'd againſt your ſon, there is no fitter matter. How does your Ladyſhip like it?

Count. With very much content, my Lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His Highneſs comes poſt from *Marſeilles*, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters that my ſon will be here to-night: I ſhall beſeech your Lordſhip to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder's my Lord your ſon with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a ſcar under't or no the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour. So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd * face.

Laf. Let us go ſee your ſon, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble ſoldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

MARSEILLES.

Enter Helena, *Widow, and* Diana, *with two Attendants.*

Hel. BUT this exceeding poſting day and night
Muſt wear your ſpirits low; we cannot help it.
But ſince you've made the days and nights as one
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,

* A quibble is here intended from a wound given with a *Carabine*.

Be

Be bold, you do ſo grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,
Enter a Gentleman.
This man may help me to his Majeſty's ear,
If he would ſpend his power. God ſave you, Sir.
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the Court of *France.*
Gent. I have been ſometimes there.
Hel. I do preſume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
And therefore goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own virtues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.
Gent. What's your will?
Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor petition to the King,
And aid me with that ſtore of power you have,
To come into his preſence.
Gent. The King's not here.
Hel. Not here, Sir?
Gent. Not indeed.
He hence remov'd laſt night, and with more haſte
Than is his uſe.
Wid. Lord, how we loſe our pains!
Hel. All's well that Ends well yet,
Tho' time ſeem ſo adverſe, and means unfit:
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to *Rouſſillon,*
Whither I'm going.
Hel. I beſeech you, Sir,
Since you are like to ſee the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which, I preſume, ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you ſhall find your ſelf to be well thank'd,

What-

What-e'er falls more. We muſt to horſe again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rouſſillon.*

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good Mr. *Levatch*, give my lord *Lafeu* this letter; I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher cloaths; but I am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clo. Truly fortune's diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no fiſh of fortune's butt'ring. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to ſtop your noſe, Sir; I ſpake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe againſt any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, ſtand away; a paper from fortune's cloſe-ſtool, to give to a nobleman! look here he comes himſelf.

Enter Lafeu.

Clo. Here is a pur of fortune's, Sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a muſk-cat;) that hath fall'n into the unclean fiſhpond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, uſe the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knave. I do pity his diſtreſs in my ſimiles of comfort, and leave him to your Lordſhip.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of her ſelf is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a *Quart-d'ecu* for you: let the Juſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſs.

Par. I beſeech your honour to hear me one ſingle word.

Laf. You beg a ſingle penny more: come, you ſhall ha't, ſave your word.

Par.

Par. My name, my good Lord, is *Parolles.*

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox' my paſſion, give me your hand: how does your drum?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the firſt that found me.

Laf. Was I, inſooth? and I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lyes in you, my Lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! doſt thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The King's coming, I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you laſt night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you ſhall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Counteſs, Lafeu, *the two* French *Lords, with Attendants.*

King. We loſt a jewel of her, and our eſteem
Was made much poorer by it; but your ſon,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home.

Count. 'Tis paſt, my Liege;
And I beſeech your Majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'th' blaze of youth,
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'er-bear it, and burn on.

King. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.

Laf. This I muſt ſay,
But firſt I beg my pardon; the young Lord did
To his Majeſty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all. He loſt a wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eyes; whoſe words all ears took captive;
Whoſe dear perfection, hearts that ſcorn'd to ſerve
Humbly call'd miſtreſs.

King. Praiſing what is loſt,

Makes

Makes the remembrance dear. Well——call him hither;
We're reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition: let him not aſk our pardon.
The matter of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incenſing relicks of it. Let him approach
A ſtranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

Gent. I ſhall, my Liege. [*Exit.*

King. What ſays he to your daughter? have you ſpoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your Highneſs.

King. Then ſhall we have a match. I have letters ſent me
That ſet him high in fame.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I'm not a day of ſeaſon,
For thou may'ſt ſee a ſun-ſhine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brighteſt beams
Diſtracted clouds give way; ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear Sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole,
Not one word more of the conſumed time,
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
Th' inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. Even at firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his ſcornful perſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorch'd a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtol'n,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous object: thence it came,
That ſhe whom all men prais'd, and whom my ſelf,

Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great 'compt; but love that comes too late,
(Like a remorſeful pardon ſlowly carried
To an offender) turns to ſour repentance
Crying, that's good that's gone: our raſh faults
Make trivial price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our diſpleaſures, to our ſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our Friends, and after weep their duſt:
Our own love waking cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful hate ſleeps out the afternoon.
Be this ſweet *Helen*'s knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*,
The main conſents are had, and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our widower's ſecond marriage-day:

Count. Which better than the firſt, O dear heav'n, bleſs,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceaſe!

Laf. Come on, my ſon, in whom my houſe's name
Muſt be digeſted: give a favour from you
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come. By my old beard,
[Ber. *gives a ring.*
And ev'ry hair that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a ſweet creature: ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt time e'er ſhe took her leave at Court,
I ſaw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me ſee it. For mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't:
This ring was mine, and when I gave it *Helen*,
I bad her, if her fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſited to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to 'reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?

Ber. My gracious Sovereign,
Howe'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was never hers.

Count.

Count. Son, on my life
I've ſeen her wear it, and ſhe reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
Laf. I'm ſure I ſaw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, ſhe never ſaw it;
In *Florence* was it from a caſement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood ungag'd, but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
I could not anſwer in that courſe of honour
As ſhe had made the overture; ſhe ceaſt
In heavy ſatisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.
King. Plutus himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's myſtery more ſcience
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen's*,
Whoever gave it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your ſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to your ſelf in bed,
(Where you have never come) or ſent it us
Upon her great diſaſter.
Ber. She never ſaw it.
King. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'ſt conjectʼral fears to come into me,
Which I would fain ſhut out; if it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhuman——'twill not prove ſo——
And yet I know not——thou did'ſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead; which nothing, but to cloſe
Her eyes my ſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this ring. Take him away.
[*Guards ſeize* Bertram.
My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll ſift this matter further.

Ber. If you ſhall prove
This ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſie
Prove that I huſbanded her bed in *Florence*,
Where yet ſhe never was. [*Exit* Bertram *guarded.*

SCENE V. *Enter a Gentleman.*

King. I'm wrap'd in diſmal thinking.

Gent. Gracious Sovereign,
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a *Florentine*
Who hath ſome four or five removes come ſhort
To tender it her ſelf. I undertook it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the fair grace and ſpeech
Of the poor ſuppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
With an importing viſage, and ſhe told me
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highneſs with her ſelf.

The King reads a letter.

Upon his many proteſtations to marry me when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he won me. Now is the Count Rouſſillon *a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He ſtole from* Florence, *taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for juſtice: grant it me, O King, in your breaſt it lies; otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor maid is undone.*

Diana Capulet.

Laf. I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair and toll for him; for this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, *Laſeu*,
To bring forth this diſcovery. Seek theſe ſuitors:
Go ſpeedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid the life of *Helen* (Lady)
Was foully ſnatch'd.

Count. Now juſtice on the doers!

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are ſo monſtrous to you,
And that you fly them as you ſwear to them;
Yet you deſire to wed. What woman's that?

Enter Widow and Diana.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched *Florentine*,

Derived from the ancient *Capulet*;
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count; do you not know theſe women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them; do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.

Dia. If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heav'n's vows, and thoſe are mine;
You give away my fleſh, which is known mine;
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe which marries you muſt marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes
Short for my daughter, you are no huſband for her. [*To Ber.*

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and deſperate creature,
Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: let your Highneſs
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than e'er to think that I would ſink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
'Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lyes!

Dia. Now, good my Lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. Why ſay'ſt thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my Lord,
And was a common gameſter to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were ſo
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whoſe high reſpect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet for all that

He gave it to a commoner o' th' camp,
If I be one.

Count. He bluſhes, and 'tis his:
Of ſix preceding anceſtors, that gemm
Conferr'd by teſtament to th' ſequent iſſue,
Hath ſo been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thouſand proofs.

King. Methought you ſaid
You ſaw one here in Court could witneſs it.

Dia. I did, my Lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an inſtrument; his name's *Parolles.*

Laf. I ſaw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious ſlave,
With all the ſpots o'th' world tax'd and deboſh'd,
Whoſe nature ſickens but to ſpeak a truth;
Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think ſhe has; certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' th' wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Mading my eagerneſs with her reſtraint;
As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy: and in fine,
Her in ſuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: ſhe got the ring,
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I much be patient!
You that turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will loſe a huſband,)
Send for your ring, I will return this home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Much like that ſame upon your finger, Sir.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him Out of a caſement.

Dia. I have ſpoke the truth.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Parolles.

Ber. My Lord, I do confeſs the ring was hers.

King. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you: Is this the man you ſpeak of?

Dia. It is, my Lord.

King. Tell me, but tell me true, ſirrah, I charge you, Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter, Which on your juſt proceeding I'll keep off; By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So pleaſe your Majeſty, my maſter hath been an honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpoſe; did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, he did love her, but how!

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, Sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majeſty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my Lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll ſpeak.

King. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou know'ſt?

Par. Yes, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty. I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more than that, he lov'd her: for indeed he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to ſpeak of; therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

King. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou canſt ſay they

they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore ſtand aſide. This ring, you ſay, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all theſe ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an eaſie glove, my Lord, ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for ought I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To priſon with her: and away with him.
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou hadſt this ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my Liege.

King. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer.

Dia. By *Jove*, if ever I knew man, 'twas you. [*To* Lafeu.

King. Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Becauſe he is guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows I am no maid, and he'll ſwear to't;
I'll ſwear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life;
I'm either maid, or elſe this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* Lafeu.

King. She does abuſe our ears; to priſon with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir,
[*Exit Widow.*
The jeweller that owes the ring is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this Lord, [*To* Bert.
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.

He knows himſelf my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child;
Dead tho' ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helena *and Widow.*

King. Is there no exorciſt
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I ſee?

Hel. No, my good Lord,
'Tis but the ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; oh, pardon!

Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind; there is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter: this it ſays,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This now is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If ſhe, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you!
O, my dear mother, do I ſee you living? [*To the Counteſs.*

Laf. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon:
Now, good *Tom Drum*, lend me a handkerchief, [*To* Parolles.
So, 'thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make ſport with thee:
Let thy courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:
If thou beeſt yet a freſh uncropped flower, [*To* Diana.
Chuſe thou thy huſband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can gueſs that by thy honeſt aid
Thou kept'ſt a wife her ſelf, thy ſelf a maid.
Of that and all the progreſs more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well, and if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet. [*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the *KING*.

THE King's a beggar, now the play be done;
All is well Ended, *if this suit be won,*
That you expreſs content; which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day;
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

What you will.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, *Duke of* Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, *a young Gentleman, Brother to* Viola.
ANTONIO, *a Sea-captain, Friend to* Sebaſtian.
VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
CURIO, }
Sir TOBY BELCH, *Uncle to* Olivia.
Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *a fooliſh Knight, pretending to* Olivia.
A Sea-captain, Friend to Viola.
FABIAN, *Servant to* Olivia.
MALVOLIO, *a fantaſtical Steward to* Olivia.
Clown, Servant to Olivia.

OLIVIA, *a Lady of great beauty and fortune, belov'd by the Duke.*
VIOLA, *in love with the Duke.*
MARIA, Olivia's *Woman.*

Prieſts, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *a City on the Coaſt of* Illyria.

TWELFTH-

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter the Duke, Curio, *and Lords.*

Duke. IF muſick be the food of love, play on,
Give me exceſs of it; that ſurfeiting
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.
That ſtrain again, it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet ſouth
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. Huſh! no more;
'Tis not ſo ſweet now as it was before.
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the ſea, nought enters there
Of what validity and pitch ſoe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute; ſo full of ſhapes is fancy,
And thou all o'er art high fantaſtical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?

Duke. What, *Curio?*

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, ſo I do, the nobleſt that I have:

O, when mine eyes did ſee *Olivia* firſt,
Methought ſhe purg'd the air of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me. How now, what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this anſwer:
The element it ſelf, 'till ſeven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a cloyſtreſs ſhe will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chambers round
With eye-offending brine: all this to ſeaſon
A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep freſh
And laſting in her ſad remembrance ſtill.

Duke. O! ſhe that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
Three ſov'reign thrones, are all ſupply'd, and fill'd,
Her ſweet perfections, with one ſelf-ſame King!
Away before me to ſweet beds of flowers,
Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Viola, *a Captain and Sailors.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. Illyria, Lady.

Vio. And what ſhould I do in *Illyria?*
My brother he is in *Elyſium.*
Perchance he is not drown'd; what think you, ſailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you your ſelf were ſav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! ſo perchance may he be.

Cap. True, Madam: and to comfort you with chance,
Aſſure your ſelf, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and that poor number ſav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat: I ſaw your brother,
Moſt provident in peril, bind himſelf
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)

To

To a ſtrong maſt that liv'd upon the ſea;
Where like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could ſee.

Vio. There's gold for ſaying ſo.
Mine own eſcape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerves for authority,
The like of him. And knoweſt thou this country?

Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature
As in his name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orſino.

Vio. Orſino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a batchelor then.

Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas freſh in murmur (as you know
What great ones do, the leſs will prattle of)
That he did ſeek the love of fair *Olivia.*

Vio. What's ſhe?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
That dy'd ſome twelve months ſince, then leaving her
In the protection of his ſon, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo dy'd: for whoſe dear love,
They ſay, ſhe hath abjur'd the company
And ſight of men.

Vio. O that I ſerv'd that Lady,
And't might not be deliver'd to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occaſion mellow,
What my eſtate is!

Cap. That were hard to compaſs,
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kind of ſuit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And tho' that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft cloſe in pollution; yet of thee
I will believe, thou haſt a mind that ſuits

With this thy fair and outward character.
I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteouſly,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For ſuch diſguiſe as haply ſhall become
The form of my intent. I'll ſerve this Duke,
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can ſing,
And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of muſick,
That will allow me very worth his ſervice.
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit,
Only ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee!

Vio. I thank thee; lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece to take the death of her brother thus? I am ſure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir *Toby*, you muſt come in earlier a-nights; your niece, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you muſt confine your ſelf within the modeſt limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine my ſelf no finer than I am; theſe clothes are good enough to drink in, and ſo be theſe boots too; if they be not, let them hang themſelves in their own ſtraps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my Lady talk of it yeſterday, and of a fooliſh Knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek?*

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any in *Illyria.*

Mar. What's that to th' purpoſe?

Sir To. Why, he has three thouſand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all theſe ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll ſay ſo! he plays o'th' viol-de-gambo,

gambo, and ſpeaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almoſt natural; for beſides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the guſt he hath in quarreling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are ſcoundrels and ſubſtractors that ſay ſo of him, Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a paſſage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria*. He's a coward and a Keſtrel that will not drink to my niece 'till his brains turn o'th' toe like a pariſh-top. What, wench? * *Caſtiliano volto!* for here comes Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek*.

SCENE IV. *Enter Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Sir *Toby Belch!* how now, Sir *Toby Belch?*

Sir To. Sweet Sir *Andrew!*

Sir And. Bleſs you, fair Shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accoſt, Sir *Andrew*, accoſt.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good miſtreſs *Accoſt*, I deſire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is *Mary*, Sir.

Sir And. Good miſtreſs *Mary Accoſt*.

Sir To. You miſtake, Knight: accoſt is, front her, board her, wooe her, aſſail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accoſt?

Mar. Fare you well, Gentlemen.

Sir To. If thou let her part ſo, Sir *Andrew*, would thou might'ſt never draw ſword again.

* By *Caſtilian countenance* here he means her *beſt*, her *moſt civil* and *courtly looks*, which he bids her put on becauſe Sir *Andrew* is coming.

Sir And. If you part ſo, miſtreſs, I would I might never draw ſword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you ſhall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, ſweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think ſo: I am not ſuch an aſs, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jeſt?

Mar. A dry jeſt, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit* Maria.

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of canary: when did I ſee thee ſo put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unleſs you ſee canary put me down: methinks ſometimes I have no more wit than a chriſtian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No queſtion.

Sir And. If I thought that, I'd forſwear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir *Toby*.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear Knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do, or not do? I would I had beſtowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Paſt queſtion, for thou ſeeſt it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a diſtaff; and I hope to ſee a houſewife take thee between her legs and ſpin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir *Toby*; your neice

neice will not be ſeen, or if ſhe be, it's four to one ſhe'll none of me: the Duke himſelf here hard by wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' Duke, ſhe'll not match above her degree, neither in eſtate, years, nor wit; I have heard her ſwear. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll ſtay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th' ſtrangeſt mind i'th' world: I delight in maſks and revels ſometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at theſe kick-ſhaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in *Illyria* whatſoever he be, under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in *Illyria*.

Sir To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? wherefore have theſe gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take duſt, like miſtreſs *Mall*'s picture? why doſt thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk ſhould be a jig: I would not ſo much as make water but in a cinque-pace: what doſt thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent conſtitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the ſtar of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd ſtocking. Shall we ſet about ſome revels?

Sir To. What ſhall we do elſe? were we not born under *Taurus*?

Sir And. Taurus? that's ſides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me ſee thee caper; ha! higher: ha! ha! excellent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Palace.*

Enter Valentine, *and* Viola *in man's attire.*

Val. If the Duke continue theſe favours towards you, *Ceſario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you

you call in queſtion the continuance of his love. Is he inconſtant, Sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you: here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who ſaw *Ceſario,* hoa?

Vio. On your attendance, my Lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. *Ceſario,*
Thou know'ſt no leſs, but all: I have unclaſp'd
To thee the book even of my ſecret ſoul.
Therefore, good youth, addreſs thy gate unto her,
Be not deny'd acceſs, ſtand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow
'Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble Lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do ſpeak with her, my Lord, what then?

Duke. O then, unfold the paſſion of my love,
Surprize her with diſcourſe of my dear faith;
It ſhall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aſpect.

Vio. I think not ſo, my Lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it:
For they ſhall yet belie thy happy years,
That ſay thou art a man: *Diana*'s lip
Is not more ſmooth and rubious; thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, ſhrill and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a woman's part.
I know thy conſtellation is right apt
For this affair: ſome four or five attend him,
All if you will; for I my ſelf am beſt
When leaſt in company. Proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my beſt

To

To woo your Lady; yet, O baneful ſtrife!
Who-e'er I woo, my ſelf would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Maria *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou haſt been, or I will not open my lips ſo wide as a briſtle may enter in way of thy excuſe; my Lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he that is well hang'd in this world needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten anſwer: I can tell thee where that ſaying was born, of I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good miſtreſs *Mary?*

Mar. In the wars, and that you may be bold to ſay in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wiſdom that have it; and thoſe that are fools let them uſe their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent, or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let ſummer bear it out.

Mar. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither, but I am reſolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaſkins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith, very apt: well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve*'s fleſh as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady; make your excuſe wiſely you were beſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Enter* Olivia *and* Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling; thoſe wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I that am ſure I lack thee, may paſs for a wiſe man. For what ſays *Quinapalus?* better a witty fool than a fooliſh wit. God bleſs thee, Lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the Lady.

Oli.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; beſides, you grow diſhoneſt.

Clo. Two faults, *Madona*, that drink and good counſel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf; if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt, if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd: virtue that tranſgreſſes is but patch'd with ſin, and ſin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this ſimple ſyllogiſm will ſerve, ſo; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true counſellor but calamity, ſo beauty's a flower: the Lady bad take away the fool, therefore I ſay again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to ſay, I wear not motley in my brain: good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterouſly, good *Madona*.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I muſt catechize you for it, *Madona*; good my mouſe of virtue, anſwer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleneſs, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mourn'ſt thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his ſoul is in hell, *Madona*.

Oli. I know his ſoul is in heav'n, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your brother's ſoul being in heav'n: take away the fool, Gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and ſhall do, 'till the pangs of death ſhake him. Infirmity, that decays the wiſe, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God ſend you, Sir, a ſpeedy infirmity, for the better increaſing your folly! Sir *Toby* will be ſworn that I am no

no fox, but he will not paſs his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How ſay you to that, *Malvolio?*

Mal. I marvel your Ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcal; I ſaw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brains than a ſtone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unleſs you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gagg'd. I proteſt I take thoſe wiſe men that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of fools, no better than the fools *Zanies*.

Oli. O, you are ſick of ſelf-love, *Malvolio*, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſs, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no ſlander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known diſcreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with learning! for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fools.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much deſires to ſpeak with you.

Oli. From the Duke *Orſino* is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off I pray you, he ſpeaks nothing but madman: fie on him! Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a ſuit from the Duke, I am ſick, or not at home. What you will to diſmiſs it. [*Exit* Malvolio.] Now ſee, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldeſt ſon ſhould be a fool: whoſe ſcull *Jove* cram with brains! for here comes one of thy kin has a moſt weak *Pia mater*.

SCENE VIII. *Enter Sir* Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, uncle?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? what gentleman?

Sir

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman. Here —— [*Belching.*] a plague o'theſe pickle herring: how now, ſot?

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*.

Oli. Uncle, uncle, how have you come ſo early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery! I defie letchery: there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil an he will, I care not: give me faith, ſay I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the ſecond mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and ſeek the coroner, and let him ſit o'my uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool ſhall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow ſwears he will ſpeak with you. I told him you were ſick, he takes on him to underſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. I told him you were aſleep, he ſeems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. What is to be ſaid to him, Lady? he's fortified againſt any denial.

Oli. Tell him he ſhall not ſpeak with me.

Mal. He has been told ſo; and he ſays he'll ſtand at your door like a ſheriff's poſt, * or be the ſupporter to a bench, but he'll ſpeak with you.

Oli. What kind o'man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

* Heretofore All Proclamations by the King, All appointments of the rates of wages by the Juſtices of peace, and other things of the like nature were ſent to the Sheriff of each County, who was obliged to promulgate them not only by cauſing them to be read in every market town, but by affixing them to ſome convenient place within it: for which purpoſe great poſts or pillars were erected in each ſuch town, and theſe were call'd *Sheriff's poſts*.

Mal.

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll ſpeak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what perſonage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peaſcod, or a codling when 'tis almoſt an apple: 'tis with him in ſtanding water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he ſpeaks very ſhrewiſhly; one would think his mother's milk were ſcarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX. *Enter* Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear *Orſino*'s embaſſy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the houſe, which is ſhe?

Oli. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her: your will?

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and unmatchable beauty — I pray you, tell me if this be the Lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her. I would be loth to caſt away my ſpeech; for beſides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me ſuſtain no ſcorn; I am very prompt, even to the leaſt ſiniſter uſage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudied, and that queſtion's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modeſt aſſurance, if you be the Lady of the houſe, that I may proceed in my ſpeech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I ſwear, I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the houſe?

Oli. If I do not uſurp my ſelf, I am.

Vio. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, you do uſurp your ſelf; for what is yours to beſtow, is not yours to reſerve; but this is from my commiſſion. I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were ſawcy at my gates, and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reaſon, be brief; 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in ſo ſkipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoiſt ſail, Sir? here lyes your way.

Vio. No, good ſwabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, ſweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a meſſenger.

Oli. Sure you have ſome hideous matter to deliver, when the courteſie of it is ſo fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeneſs that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as a maiden-head; to your ears divinity; to any others prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit* Maria.] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet Lady.

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be ſaid of it. Where lyes the text?

Vio. In *Orſino*'s boſom.

Oli. In his boſom? in what chapter of his boſom?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereſie. Have you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good Madam, let me ſee your face.

Oli. Have you any commiſſion from your Lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and ſhew you the picture. Look you, Sir, ſuch a one I wear this preſent: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio.

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir, 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'ſt ſhe alive,
If you will lead theſe graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be ſo hard-hearted: I will give out divers ſchedules of my beauty. It ſhall be inventoried, and every particle and utenſil labell'd to my will. As, *Item*, two lips indifferent red. *Item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, one neck, one chin, and ſo forth. Were you ſent hither to praiſe me?

Vio. I ſee you what you are, you are too proud;
But if you were the devil, you are fair.
My Lord and maſter loves you: O, ſuch love
Could be but recompenc'd, tho' you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beauty.

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with ſighs of fire.

Oli. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;
Yet I ſuppoſe him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſs youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimenſion and the ſhape of nature
A gracious perſon; yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his anſwer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my maſter's flame,
With ſuch a ſuff'ring, ſuch a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no ſenſe:
I would not underſtand it.

Oli. What would you do?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my ſoul within the houſe;
Write loyal canto's of contemned love,
And ſing them loud even in the dead of night:
Hollow your name to the reverberant hills,
And make the babling goſſip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia*: O, you ſhould not reſt

Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhould pity me.

Oli. You might do much:
What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your Lord;
I cannot love him: let him ſend no more,
Unleſs, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:
I thank you for your pains; ſpend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd poſt, Lady; keep your purſe:
My maſter, not my ſelf, lacks recompence.
Love makes his heart of flint, that you ſhall love;
And let your fervour, like my maſter's, be
Plac'd in contempt! farewel, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman —— I'll be ſworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon —— not too faſt ——
Soft, ſoft, unleſs the man the maſter were.
How now? even ſo quickly may one catch
The plague? methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
With an inviſible and ſubtile ſtealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be ——
What hoa, *Malvolio!*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your ſervice.

Oli. Run after that ſame peeviſh meſſenger,
The Duke's man; he left here this ring behind him
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reaſon for't. Hye thee, *Malvolio.*

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:

Fate,

Fate, ſhew thy force; our ſelves we do not owe;
What is decreed muſt be; and be this ſo! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Antonio *and* Sebaſtian.

Ant. WILL you ſtay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my ſtars ſhine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might perhaps diſtemper yours; therefore I crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, ſooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy: but I perceive in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to expreſs my ſelf: you muſt know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebaſtian*, which I call'd *Roderigo*; my father was that *Sebaſtian* of *Metelin*, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my ſelf, and a ſiſter, both born in one hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had ſo ended! but you, Sir, alter'd that, for ſome hours before you took me from the breach of the ſea, was my ſiſter drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A Lady, Sir, who, tho' it was ſaid ſhe much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with ſuch eſtimable wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh her, ſhe bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: ſhe is drown'd already, Sir, with ſalt water, tho' I ſeem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your ſervant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, deſire it not. Fare ye

well at once; my boſom is full of kindneſs, and I am yet ſo near the manners of my mother, that upon the leaſt occaſion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke *Orſino*'s Court; farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleneſs of all the Gods go with thee!
I have made enemies in *Orſino*'s Court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee ſo,
That danger ſhall ſeem ſport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Viola *and* Malvolio *at ſeveral doors.*

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Counteſs *Olivia?*

Vi. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have ſince arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; for being your Lord's ſhe'll none of it. You might have ſaved me my pains, to have taken it away your ſelf. She adds moreover, that you ſhould put your Lord into a deſperate aſſurance, ſhe will none of *him*. And one thing more, that you be never ſo hardy to come again in his affairs, unleſs it be to report your Lord's taking of this: receive it ſo.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peeviſhly threw it to her, and her will is, it ſhould be ſo return'd: if it be worth ſtooping for, there it lyes in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. None of my Lord's ring? why, he ſent her none,
I left no ring with her; what means this Lady?
Fortune forbid my outſide ſhould have charm'd her!
She made good view of me, indeed ſo much,
That ſure methought her eyes did let her tongue,
For ſhe did ſpeak in ſtarts diſtractedly:
She loves me ſure, the cunning of her paſſion
Invites me in this churliſh meſſenger.
I ſhould be man, if it be ſo: as 'tis,
Poor Lady, ſhe were better love a dream.
Diſguiſe! I ſee thou art a wickedneſs,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How eaſie is it, for the proper falſe
In womens waxen hearts to ſet their forms!

Alas,

Alas, our frailty is the cauſe, not we,
For ſuch as we are made, ev'n ſuch we be.
How will this fadge? my maſter loves her dearly,
And I, poor miniſter, fond as much on him;
And ſhe, miſtaken, ſeems to doat on me:
What will become of this? as I am man,
My ſtate is deſperate from my maſter's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftleſs ſighs ſhall poor *Olivia* breathe!
O time, thou muſt untangle this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me t' unty. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir *Andrew*: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Diluculo ſurgere*, thou know'ſt, —

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A falſe concluſion: I hate it as an unfill'd can; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; ſo that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life conſiſt of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, ſo they ſay, but I think it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a ſcholar, let us therefore eat and drink. *Maria!* I ſay; a ſtoop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? did you never ſee the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, aſs, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breaſt. I had rather than forty ſhillings I had ſuch a leg, and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the fool has. Inſooth thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night, when thou ſpok'ſt of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* paſſing the equinoctial of *Queubus*; 'twas very good, i'faith: I ſent thee ſix pence for thy leman, hadſt it?

Clo. I did * impeticos thy gratillity; for *Malvolio*'s noſe

* He means to ſay, *impocket thy gratuity.*

is no whip-ſtock, my Lady has a white hand, and the Myr-midons are no bottle-ale houſes.

Sir And. Excellent: why, this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now a ſong.

Sir To. Come on, there is ſix pence for you. Let's have a ſong.

Sir And. There's a teſtril of me too; if one Knight give a ——

Clo. Would you have a love-ſong, or a ſong of good life?

Sir To. A love-ſong, a love-ſong.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

Clown ſings.

O miſtreſs mine, where are you roaming?
O ſtay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can ſing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty ſweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wiſe man's ſon doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, 'faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter:*
Preſent mirth hath preſent laughter:
What's to come, is ſtill unſure.
In delay there lyes no plenty,
Then come kiſs me, ſweet, and twenty:
Youth's a ſtuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true Knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very ſweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the noſe, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the welkin dance indeed? ſhall we rouze the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three ſouls out of one weaver? ſhall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r Lady, Sir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Moſt certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, Knight. I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.

Sir

Sir And. 'Tis not the firſt time I have conſtrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I ſhall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith: come, begin. [*They ſing a catch.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? if my Lady have not call'd up her ſteward *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never truſt me.

Sir To. My Lady's a *Cataian*, we are politicians, *Malvolio*'s a *Peg-a-Ramſey*, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I conſanguinious? am not I of her blood? *Tilly valley, lady! there dwelt a man in* Babylon, *lady, lady.* [*Singing.*

Clo. Beſhrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O the twelfth day of December. [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My maſters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do you make an ale-houſe of my Lady's houſe, that ye ſqueak out your coſier catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Strike up.

Mal. Sir *Toby*, I muſt be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that ſhe harbours you as her uncle, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate your ſelf and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the houſe: if not, an it would pleaſe you to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewel.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone. [*Singing.*

Mal. Nay, good Sir *Toby.*

Clo. His eyes do ſhew his days are almoſt done.

Mal. Is't even ſo?

Sir To. But I will never die. [*Singing.*

Clo. Sir *Toby*, there you lie.

Mal.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [*Singing.*

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' tune, Sir, ye lie: art thou any more than a ſteward? doſt thou think becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhould be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by St. *Anne*; and ginger ſhall be hot i' th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crums. A ſtoop of wine, *Maria.*

Mal. Miſtreſs *Mary*, if you priz'd my Lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; ſhe ſhall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go, ſhake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promiſe with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, Knight, I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir *Toby*, be patient for to-night; ſince the youth of the Duke's was to-day with my Lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For Monſieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lye ſtrait in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir. To. Poſſeſs us, poſſeſs us, tell us ſomething of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, ſometimes he is a kind of a puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What for being a puritan? thy exquiſite reaſon, dear Knight.

Sir And. And I have no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I have reaſon good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing conſtantly but a time-pleaſer, an affected aſs, that cons ſtate without book, and utters it by great ſwarths. The beſt perſuaded of himſelf: So cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on

on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cauſe to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure epiſtles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he ſhall find himſelf moſt feelingly perſonated. I can write very like my Lady your neice; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I ſmell a device.

Sir And. I hav't in my noſe too.

Sir. To. He ſhall think by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my neice, and that ſhe is in love with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is indeed a horſe of that colour.

Sir And. And your horſe now would make him an aſs.

Mar. Aſs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my phyſick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he ſhall find the letter: obſerve his conſtruction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, *Penthiſilea.*

Sir And. Before me, ſhe's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, Knight: thou hadſt need ſend for more mony.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your neice, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for mony, Knight; if thou haſt her not i'th' end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn ſome ſack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, Knight, come, Knight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *The Palace.*

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. Give me ſome muſick; now good-morrow, friends:
Now, good *Ceſario*, but that piece of ſong,
That old antique ſong we heard laſt night;
Methought it did relieve my paſſion much,
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of theſe moſt briſk and giddy-pated times.
Come, but one verſe.

Cur. He is not here, ſo pleaſe your Lordſhip, that ſhould ſing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feſte the jeſter, my Lord, a fool that the Lady *Olivia*'s father took much delight in. He is about the houſe.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Ex.* Curio. *Muſick.*

Come hither, boy, ; if ever thou ſhalt love,
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me;
For ſuch as I am, all true lovers are,
Unſtaid and ſkittiſh in all motions elſe,
Save in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How doſt thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the ſeat
Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou doſt ſpeak maſterly.
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye
Hath ſtaid upon ſome favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my Lord.

Duke. Too old, by heav'n; let ſtill the woman take
An elder than her ſelf, ſo wears ſhe to him;
So ſways ſhe level in her huſband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praiſe our ſelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

More

More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and won,
Than womens are.

Vio. I think it well, my Lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thy ſelf,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roſes, whoſe fair flower
Being once diſplay'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And ſo they are: alas, that they are ſo,
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter Curio *and Clown.*

Duke. O fellow, come, the ſong we had laſt night.
Mark it, *Ceſario*, it is old and plain;
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chant it: it is ſilly ſooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, Sir?

Duke. I pr'ythee ſing. [*Muſick.*

SONG.

Come away, come away, death,
And in ſad cypreſs let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am ſlain by a fair cruel maid.
My ſhrowd of white, ſtuck all with yew,
Prepare it.
My part of death no one ſo true
Did ſhare it.
Not a flower, not a flower ſweet,
On my black Coffin let there be ſtrown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corps, where my bones ſhall be thrown.
A thouſand thouſand ſighs to ſave,
Lay me where
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir; I take pleaſure in ſinging, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleaſure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleaſure will be paid one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the tay-lor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal! I would have men of ſuch conſtancy put to ſea, that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent every where, for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Duke. Let all the reſt give place. Once more, *Ceſario*,
Get thee to yond ſame ſovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath beſtow'd upon her,
Tell her I hold as giddily as fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in, attracts my ſoul.

Vio. But if ſhe cannot love you, Sir?

Duke. I cannot be ſo anſwer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you muſt.
Say that ſome Lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia*: you cannot love her;
You tell her ſo; muſt ſhe not then be anſwer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's ſides
Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold ſo much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That ſuffers ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the ſea,
And can digeſt as much; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. Ay, but I know——

Duke. What doſt thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,

As

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I ſhould your Lordſhip.

Duke. What's her hiſtory?

Vio. A blank, my Lord: ſhe never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek; ſhe pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may ſay more, ſwear more, but indeed
Our ſhews are more than will; for ſtill we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy ſiſter of her love, my boy?

Vio. She's all the daughters of my father's houſe,
And I am all the ſons, but yet I know not,——
Sir, ſhall I to this Lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theam.
To her in haſte; give her this jewel: ſay,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior *Fabian.*

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I loſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'ſt thou not be glad to have the niggardly raſcally ſheep-biter come by ſome notable ſhame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know he brought me out of favour with my Lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again, and we will fool him black and blue, ſhall we not, Sir *Andrew?*

Sir And. An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now, my nettle of *India?*

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree; *Malvolio*'s coming down this walk, he has been yonder i'th' ſun practiſing behaviour to his own ſhadow this half hour. Obſerve him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Cloſe, in the name

of jesting; ——lye thou there; [*Drops a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with trickling. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter* Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me she did affect me; and I have heard her self come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue.

Fab. Oh, peace: contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slife, I could so beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*.

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: the Lady of the *Stracby** married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, *Jezubel!*

Fab. O, peace, now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state——

Sir To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

Sir Tob. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. Oh, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs —— to ask for my uncle *Toby*——

Sir Toby. Bolts and shackles!

* This is a word mistaken in the copying or printing, but it is not easy to conjecture what the word should be; perhaps *Stratarch*, which (as well as *Strategus*) signifies a General of an Army, a Commander in chief.

Fab

Fab. Oh, peace, peace, peace; now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient ſtart make out for him: I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with ſome rich jewel. *Toby* approaches, curtſies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Tho' our ſilence be drawn from us by th' ears, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of controul.

Sir To. And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'th' lips then?

Mal. Saying, uncle *Toby*, my fortunes having caſt me on your niece, give me this prerogative of ſpeech——

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You muſt amend your drunkenneſs.

Sir To. Out, ſcab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the ſinews of our plot.

Mal. Beſides, you waſte the treaſure of your time with a fooliſh Knight——

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir *Andrew*.

Sir. And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call me fool.

Mal. What implement have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh, peace! now the ſpirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my Lady's hand: theſe be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s, and thus makes ſhe her *P*'s. It is, in contempt of queſtion, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: why that?

Mal. To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wiſhes; her very phraſes: By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impreſſure her *Lucrece*, with which ſhe uſes to ſeal; 'tis my Lady: to whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. Jove *knows I love, alas! but who,*
Lips do not move, no man muſt know.

No man muſt know—what follows? the numbers alter—no man muſt know—if this ſhould be thee, *Malvolio?*

Sir To. Marry hang thee, Brock!

Mal. *I may command where I adore,*
But ſilence, like a Lucrece *knife,*
With bloodleſs ſtroke my heart doth gore,
M. O. A. I. *doth ſway my life.*

Fab. A fuſtian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, ſay I.

Mal. M. O. A. I. *doth ſway my life*—nay, but firſt let me ſee—let me ſee—

Fab. What a diſh of poiſon has ſhe dreſs'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the ſtanyel checks at it!

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, ſhe may command me: I ſerve her, ſhe is my Lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obſtruction in this—and the end—what ſhould that alphabetical poſition portend? if I could make that reſemble ſomething in me. Softly—— *M. O. A. I.*——

Sir To. O, ay! make out that; he is now at a cold ſcent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it ben't as rank as a fox.

Mal. M.——*Malvolio*——*M.*——why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I ſay he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no conſonancy in the ſequel; that ſuffers under probation: *A* ſhould follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* ſhall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might ſee more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I.—this ſimulation is not as the former—and yet to cruſh this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of theſe letters is in my name. Soft, here follows proſe—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my ſtars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatneſs; ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs*

thruſt

thruſt upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and ſpirit embrace them; and to inure thy ſelf to what thou art like to be, caſt thy humble ſlough, and appear freſh. Be oppoſite with a kinſman, ſurly with ſervants: let thy tongue tang with arguments of ſtate; put thy ſelf into the trick of ſingularity. She thus adviſes thee, that ſighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings, and wiſh'd to ſee thee ever croſs-garter'd. I ſay remember; go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo: if not, let me ſee thee a ſteward ſtill, the fellow of ſervants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She that would alter ſervices with thee the fortunate and happy. Day-light and champian diſcover no more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will waſh off groſs acquaintance, I will be point deviſe, the very man. I do not fool my ſelf, to let imagination jade me; for every reaſon excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow ſtockings of late, ſhe did praiſe my leg, being croſs-garter'd, and in this ſhe manifeſts herſelf to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to theſe habits of her liking. I thank my ſtars, I am happy: I will be ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow ſtockings, and croſs-garter'd, even with the ſwiftneſs of putting on. *Jove*, and my ſtars be praiſed! Here is yet a poſtſcript. *Thou canſt not chuſe but know who I am; if thou entertaineſt my love, let it appear in thy ſmiling, thy ſmiles become thee well. Therefore in my preſence ſtill ſmile, dear my ſweet, I pr'ythee. Jove*, I thank thee; I will ſmile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this ſport for a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. And ſo could I too.

Sir To. And aſk no other dowry with her, but ſuch another jeſt.

SCENE IX. *Enter* Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou ſet thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-ſlave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he muſt run mad.

Mar. Nay, but ſay true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *Aqua vitæ* with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the fruits of the ſport, mark his firſt approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow ſtockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhors; and croſs-garter'd, a faſhion ſhe deteſts; and he will ſmile upon her, which will now be ſo unſuitable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to melancholy, as ſhe is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will ſee it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of *Tartar*; thou moſt excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Olivia's *Garden.* *Enter* Viola, *and Clown.*

Viola. SAve thee, friend, and thy muſick: doſt thou live by the tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter, Sir, I do live by the church: for I do live at my houſe, and my houſe doth ſtand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'ſt ſay the King lyes by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or the church ſtands by thy tabor, if thy tabor ſtand by the church.

Clo. You have ſaid, Sir: to ſee this age! a ſentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong ſide may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my ſiſter had no name, Sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word, might make my ſiſter wanton; but indeed, words are very raſcals, ſince bonds diſgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reaſon, man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown ſo falſe, I am loth to prove reaſon with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and careſt for nothing.

Clo. Not ſo, Sir, I do care for ſomething; but, in my conſcience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would it would make you invifible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia*'s fool?

Clo. No indeed, Sir, the Lady *Olivia* has no folly, ſhe will keep no fool, Sir, 'till ſhe be married; and fools are as like huſbands, as pilchers are to herrings, the huſband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I ſaw thee late at the Duke *Orſino*'s.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the orb like the ſun, it ſhines every where. I would be ſorry, Sir, but the fool ſhould be as oft with your maſter, as with my miſtreſs: I think I ſaw your wiſdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou paſs upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

[*Gives him a piece of mony.*

Clo. Now *Jove*, in his next commodity of hair, ſend thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almoſt ſick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy Lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of theſe have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to uſe.

Clo. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Creſſida* to this *Troylus*.

Vio. I underſtand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: *Creſſida* was a beggar. My Lady is within, Sir. I will conſter to her whence you come; who you are, and what you would is out of my welkin, I might ſay element, but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wiſe enough to play the fool,
And to do that well, craves a kind of wit:

He

He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts,
The quality of the perſons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wiſe man's art;
For folly, that he wiſely ſhews, is fit;
But wiſe men's folly ſhewn, quite taints their wit.

SCENE II. *Enter Sir* Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Save you, gentleman,

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. Dieu vous guarde, Monſieur.

Vio. Et vous auſſi; voſtre ſerviteur.

Sir To. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours. Will you encounter the houſe? my neice is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your neice, Sir; I mean, ſhe is the liſt of my voyage.

Sir To. Taſte your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better underſtand me, Sir, than I underſtand what you mean by bidding me taſte my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd Lady, the heav'ns rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! rain odours? well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, Lady, but to your own moſt pregnant and vouchſafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant and vouchſafed: I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Maria.

SCENE III.

Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and moſt humble ſervice.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Ceſario is your ſervant's name, fair Princeſs.

Oli. My ſervant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:

Y'are

Y'are ſervant to the Duke *Orſino*, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours:
Your ſervant's ſervant is your ſervant, Madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never ſpeak again of him.
But would you undertake another ſuit,
I'd rather hear you to ſollicit that
Than muſick from the ſpheres.

Vio. O deareſt Lady,——

Oli. Give me leave, I beſeech you: I did ſend,
After the laſt enchantment (you did hear)
A ring in chaſe of you. So did I abuſe
My ſelf, my ſervant, and I fear me, you;
Under your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you in a ſhameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine honour at the ſtake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? to your receiving
Enough is ſhewn; a cypreſs, not a boſom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you ſpeak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No not a grice: for 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then methinks 'tis time to ſmile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one ſhould be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf! [*Clock ſtrikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waſte of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth are come to harveſt,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lyes your way, due weſt.

Vio. Then weſtward hoe!
Grace and good diſpoſition attend you!

You'll

You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me?

Oli. Stay; pr'ythee tell me what thou think'ſt of me?

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think ſo, I think the ſame of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am,
I wiſh I might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of ſcorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt ſhews not it ſelf more ſoon
Than love that would ſeem hid: love's night is noon.
Ceſario, by the roſes of the ſpring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reaſon can my paſſion hide.
Do not extort 'wry reaſons from this clauſe,
For that I woo; thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But rather reaſon thus with reaſon fetter;
Love ſought is good; but given unſought is better.

Vio. By innocence I ſwear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one boſom, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor never none
Shall miſtreſs be of it.

Oli. Save I alone!

Vio. And ſo adieu, good Madam; never more
Will I my maſter's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps may'ſt move
That heart, which now abhors to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. No, 'faith, I'll not ſtay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reaſon, dear venom, give thy reaſon.

Fab. You muſt needs yield your reaſon, Sir *Andrew.*

Sir And. Marry, I ſaw your neice do more favours to the Duke's ſerving-man than ever ſhe beſtow'd on me. I ſaw't i'th' orchard.

Sir To. Did ſhe ſee thee the while, old boy, tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I ſee you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an aſs o' me?

Fab. I prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reaſon.

Sir To. And they have been grand Jury-men ſince before *Noah* was a ſailor.

Fab. She did ſhew favour to the youth in your ſight, only to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimſtone in your liver. You ſhould then have accoſted her, and with ſome excellent jeſts, fire-new from the mint, you ſhould have bang'd the youth into dumbneſs. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time waſh off, and you are now ſail'd into the north of my Lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a *Dutchman*'s beard, unleſs you do redeem it by ſome attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it muſt be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a *Browniſt*, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the baſis of valour, challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him, hurt him in eleven places, my niece ſhall take note of it; and aſſure thy ſelf, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with women than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir *Andrew*.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curſt and brief: it is no matter how witty, ſo it be eloquent, and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou *thou'ſt* him ſome thrice, it ſhall not be amiſs; and as many lies as will lye in thy ſheet of paper, although the ſheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*, ſet 'em down, and go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write it with a gooſe-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where ſhall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at thy *Cubiculo*: go.

[*Exit Sir* Andrew.

SCENE V.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir *Toby.*

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, ſome two thouſand ſtrong or ſo.

Fab. We ſhall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never truſt me then; and by all means ſtir on the youth to an anſwer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find ſo much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the reſt of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his oppoſite the youth bears in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look where the youngeſt wren * of nine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleen, and will laugh your ſelves into ſtitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no chriſtian, that means to be ſav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſſneſs. He's in yellow ſtockings.

Sir To. And croſs-garter'd?

Mar. Moſt villainouſly; like a pedant that keeps a ſchool i'th' church: I have dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropt to betray him; he does ſmile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the *Indies*; you have not ſeen ſuch a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my Lady will ſtrike him; if ſhe do, he'll ſmile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The Street.*

Enter Sebaſtian *and* Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you,
But ſince you make your pleaſure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

* The Wren is remarkable for laying many eggs at a time, nine or ten and ſometimes more: and as ſhe is the ſmalleſt of birds, the laſt of ſo large a brood may be ſuppoſed to be little indeed, which is the image intended here to be given of *Maria*.

Ant.

Ant. I could not ſtay behind you; my deſire,
More ſharp than filed ſteel, did ſpur me forth,
And not all love to ſee you, tho' ſo much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage;
But jealouſie what might befall your travel,
Being ſkilleſs in theſe parts, (which to a ſtranger
Unguided and unfriended often prove
Rough and unhoſpitable) my willing love,
The rather by theſe arguments of fear,
Set forth in your purſuit.

Seb. My kind *Antonio*,
I can no other anſwer make but thanks,
And thanks; and ever thanks: and oft good turns
Are ſhuffled off with ſuch uncurrent pay;
But were my worth as is my conſcience firm,
You ſhould find better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go ſee the relicks of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, Sir: beſt firſt go ſee your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us ſatisfie our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk theſe ſtreets.
Once in a ſea-fight 'gainſt the Duke his gallies
I did ſome ſervice, of ſuch note indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would ſcarce be anſwer'd.

Seb. Belike you ſlew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have ſince been anſwer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which for traffick's ſake
Moſt of our city did. Only my ſelf ſtood out,
For which if I be lapſed in this place
I ſhall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold, Sir, here's my purſe.
In the ſouth ſuburbs at the *Elephant*
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeak our diet,

Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there ſhall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purſe?

Ant. Haply your eye ſhall light upon ſome toy
You have deſire to purchaſe; and your ſtore,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purſe-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To th' *Elephant.*

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Oli. I have ſent after him; ſay he will come,
How ſhall I feaſt him? what beſtow on him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I ſpeak too loud;
Where is *Malvolio?* he is ſad and civil,
And ſuits well for a ſervant with my fortunes.
Where is *Malvolio?*

Mar. He is coming, Madam:
But in ſtrange manner. He is ſure poſſeſt,
Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing elſe but ſmile;
Your Ladyſhip were beſt to have ſome guard
About you, if he come, for ſure the man
Is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If ſad and merry madneſs equal be.
How now, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Sweet Lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantaſtically.*

Oli. Smil'ſt thou? I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.

Mal. Sad, Lady? I could be ſad; this does make ſome obſtruction in the blood, this croſs-gartering, but what of that? if it pleaſe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true ſonnet is: *Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.*

Oli. Why? how doſt thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal.

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs; it did come to his hands, and commands ſhall be executed. I think we do know that ſweet *Roman* hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio?*

Mal. To bed? ay, ſweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy hand ſo oft?

Mar. How do you, *Malvolio?*

Mal. At your requeſt?
Yes, nightingales anſwer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldneſs before my Lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatneſs; 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meaneſt thou by that, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Some are born great ——

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve greatneſs ——

Oli. What ſay'ſt thou?

Mal. And ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them ——

Oli. Heav'n reſtore thee!

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings ——

Oli. Thy yellow ſtockings?

Mal. And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſs-garter'd ——

Oli. Croſs-garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou deſir'ſt to be ſo ——

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me ſee thee a ſervant ſtill.

Oli. Why, this is very midſummer madneſs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke *Orſino*'s is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your Ladyſhip's pleaſure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my uncle *Toby?* let ſome of my people have a ſpecial care of him, I would not have him miſcarry for the half of my dowry. [*Ex.*

SCENE VIII.

Mal. Oh ho, do you come near me now? no worſe man than Sir *Toby* to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter, ſhe ſends him on purpoſe that I may appear ſtub-

born to him; for ſhe incites me to that in the letter. *Caſt thy humble ſlough*, ſays ſhe; *be oppoſite with a kinſman, ſurly with ſervants, let thy tongue tang with arguments of ſtate, put thy ſelf into the trick of ſingularity*; and conſequently ſets down the manner how; as a ſad face, a reverend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habit of ſome Sir of note, and ſo forth. I have lim'd her, but it is *Jove*'s doing, and *Jove* make me thankful! and when ſhe went away now, *let this fellow be look'd to:* fellow! not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a ſcruple, no ſcruple of a ſcruple, no obſtacle, no incredulous or unſafe circumſtance——what can be ſaid? nothing that can be, can come between me and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well! *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

SCENE IX.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian *and* Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of ſanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himſelf poſſeſt him, yet I'll ſpeak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off, I diſcard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeaks within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does ſhe ſo?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we muſt deal gently with him; let him alone. How do you, *Malvolio*? how is't with you? what, man, defie the devil; conſider he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you ſay?

Mar. La you! if you ſpeak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wiſe woman.

Mar. Marry, and it ſhall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not loſe him for more than I'll ſay.

Mal.

Mal. How now, miſtreſs?

Mar. O Lord! ——

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace, that is not the way, do you not ſee you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleneſs, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how doſt thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers, good Sir *Toby*, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godlineſs.

Mal. Go hang your ſelves all: you are idle ſhallow things, I am not of your element, you ſhall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't poſſible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a ſtage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, purſue him now, leſt the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we ſhall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My neice is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our pleaſure and his penance, 'till our very paſtime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen; but ſee, but ſee.

SCENE X. *Enter Sir* Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a *May* morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't ſo ſawcy?

Sir

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Sir* Toby *reads.*

Youth, whatſoever thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee ſo, for I will ſhew thee no reaſon for't.

Fab. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou com'ſt to the Lady Olivia, *and in my ſight ſhe uſes thee kindly; but thou lieſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good ſenſe-leſs.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me ——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'ſt me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th' windy ſide of the law: good.

Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our ſouls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and ſo look to thy ſelf. Thy friend as thou uſeſt him, and thy ſworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occaſion for't: he is now in ſome commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir *Andrew*, ſcout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily; ſo ſoon as ever thou ſeeſt him, draw; and as thou draw'ſt, ſwear horribly; for it comes to paſs oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof it ſelf would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for ſwearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his imployment between his Lord and my neice confirms no leſs; therefore this letter, being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find that it comes from a clod-pole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, ſet upon *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman,

as

as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, ſkill, fury, and impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

SCENE XI. *Enter* Olivia *and* Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your neice; give them way, 'till he take leave, and preſently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon ſome horrid meſſage for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*

Oli. I've ſaid too much unto a heart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out.
There's ſomething in me that reproves my fault;
But ſuch a head-ſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the ſame 'haviour that your paſſion bears,
Goes on my maſter's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And I beſeech you, come again to-morrow.
What ſhall you aſk of me that I'll deny,
That honour ſav'd may upon aſking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my maſter.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well.
A fiend like thee might bear my ſoul to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII. *Enter Sir* Toby *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God ſave thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou haſt, betake thee to't; of what nature the wrongs are thou haſt done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of deſpight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end; diſmount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſailant is quick, ſkilful, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake, Sir, I am ſure no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwiſe, I aſſure you; therefore,

fore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your oppoſite hath in him, what youth, ſtrength, ſkill, and wrath can furniſh a man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is Knight dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet conſideration, but he is a devil in private brawl; ſouls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and ſepulcher: hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the houſe, and deſire ſome conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of ſome kind of men, that put quarrels purpoſely on others to taſte their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. No, Sir, no: his indignation derives it ſelf out of a very competent injury, therefore get you on, and give him his deſire. Back you ſhall not to the houſe, unleſs you undertake that with me, which with as much ſafety you might anſwer to him; therefore on, and ſtrip your ſword ſtark naked; for meddle you muſt, that's certain, or forſwear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as ſtrange. I beſeech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

Sir To. I will do ſo. Signior *Fabian*, ſtay you by this gentleman 'till my return. [*Exit Sir* Toby.

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the Knight is incens'd againſt you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vio. I beſeech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promiſe to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, Sir, the moſt ſkilful, bloody, and fatal oppoſite that you could poſſibly have found in any part of *Illyria*: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had

had rather go with Sir Prieſt than Sir Knight: I care not who knows ſo much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Sir Toby *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not ſeen ſuch a virago: I had a paſs with him, rapier, ſcabbard and all; and he gives me the ſtuck in with ſuch a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the anſwer, he pays you as ſurely as your feet hit the ground they ſtep on. They ſay, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified. *Fabian* can ſcarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, if I thought he had been valiant, and ſo cunning in fence, I'd have ſeen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and I'll give him my horſe, grey *Capilet.*

Sir To. I'll make the motion; ſtand here, make a good ſhew on't, this ſhall end without the perdition of ſouls; marry, I'll ride your horſe as well as I ride you. [*Aſide.*

Enter Fabian *and* Viola.

I have his horſe to take up the quarrel, I have perſuaded him the youth's a devil. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. He is horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's oath ſake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now ſcarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the ſupportance of his vow, he proteſts he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground if you ſee him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy, the gentleman will for his honour's ſake have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a ſoldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [*They draw.*

Sir And. Pray God he keep his oath!

SCENE

SCENE XIV. *Enter* Antonio.

Vio. I do aſſure you 'tis againſt my will.

Ant. Put up your ſword; if this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defie you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, Sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir *Toby*, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your ſword up if you pleaſe.
[*To Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Marry will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you eaſily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man, do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arreſt thee at the ſuit of Duke *Orſino*.

Ant. You do miſtake me, Sir.

1 *Off.* No, Sir, no jot; I know your favour well;
Tho' now you have no ſea-cap on your head.
Take him away, he knows I know him well.

Ant. I muſt obey. This comes with ſeeking you;
But there's no remedy. I ſhall anſwer it.
What will you do? now my neceſſity
Makes me to aſk you for my purſe. It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls my ſelf: you ſtand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, come away.

Ant. I muſt intreat of you ſome of that mony.

Vio. What mony, Sir?
For the fair kindneſs you have ſhew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you ſomething; my having is not much;
I'll make diviſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't poſſible, that my deſerts to you
Can lack perſuaſion? do not tempt my miſery,
Leſt that it make me ſo unſound a man,
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainneſs, babling drunkenneſs,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh heav'ns themſelves!

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me but ſpeak
A little. Why, this youth that you ſee here,
I ſnatcht one half out of the jaws of death,
Reliev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love;
And to his image, which methought did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? the time goes by; away.

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this God!
Thou haſt, *Sebaſtian*, done good feature ſhame.
In nature there's no blemiſh but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflouriſh'd by the devil.

1 *Off.* Surely the man grows mad, away with him:
Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit with Off.*

Vio. Methinks his words do from ſuch paſſion fly,
That he believes himſelf; ſo do not I:
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, Knight, come hither, *Fabian*; we'll whiſper o'er a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſaws.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebaſtian*; I my brother know
Yet living in my glaſs; even ſuch and ſo
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament;

For him I imitate: oh! if it prove,
Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt waves freſh in love. [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his diſhoneſty appears in leaving his friend here in neceſſity, and denying him; and for his cowardſhip aſk *Fabian.*

Fab. A coward, devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. Od's lid I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him ſoundly, but ne'er draw thy ſword.

Sir And. If I do not ——.

Fab. Come, let us ſee the event.

Sir To. I dare lay mony 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street. *Enter* Sebaſtian *and Clown.*

Clo. WILL you make me believe that I am not ſent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a fooliſh fellow. Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith: no, I do not know you, nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come ſpeak with her; nor your name is not maſter *Ceſario*, nor this is not my noſe neither; nothing that is ſo is ſo.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly ſomewhere elſe; thou know'ſt not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney: I pr'ythee now, ungird thy ſtrangeneſs and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady; ſhall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, fooliſh geck, depart from me; there's mony for thee. If you tarry longer, I ſhall give worſe payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou haſt an open hand; theſe wiſe men that give fools mony get themſelves a good report * after fourteen years purchaſe.

* This ſeems to carry a piece of Satyr upon Monopolies the crying grievance of the time. The grants generally were for fourteen years: and the petitions being referr'd to a Committee, it was ſuſpected that money gain'd favourable reports from thence.

Enter

Enter Sir Andrew, *Sir* Toby, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* Sebaſtian.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the houſe.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady ſtrait: I would not be in ſome of your coats for two pence. [*Exit Clown.*

Sir To. Come on, Sir, hold. [*Holding* Sebaſtian.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery againſt him, if there be any law in *Illyria*; tho' I ſtruck him firſt, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young ſoldier, put up your iron; you are well fleſh'd: come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldſt thou now? if thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.

Sir To. What, what? nay then I muſt have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*They draw and fight.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Olivia.

Oli. Hold, *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd: out of my ſight!
Be not offended, dear *Ceſario*.
Rudeſby, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* Toby *and Sir* Andrew.
Let thy fair wiſdom, not thy paſſion, ſway
In this uncivil and unjuſt extent
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,
And hear thou there, how many fruitleſs pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'ſt ſmile at this: thou ſhalt not chuſe but go:
Do not deny; beſhrew his ſoul for me!
He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What reliſh is in this? how runs the ſtream?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dream.
Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in *Lethe* ſteep,
If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep.

Oli. Nay, come I pray: would thou'dſt be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, ſay ſo, and ſo be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Olivia's *Houſe*.

Enter Maria *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and this beard, make him believe thou art Sir *Topas* the Curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir *Toby* the whilſt. [*Exit* Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble my ſelf in't; and I would I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in ſuch a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good ſtudent; but to be ſaid an honeſt man and a good houſekeeper goes as fairly as to ſay a graceful man and a great ſcholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. *Jove* bleſs thee, Mr. Parſon.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, Sir *Toby*; for as the old hermit of *Prague*, that never ſaw pen and ink, very wittily ſaid to a neice of King *Gorboduck*, that that is, is: ſo I being Mr. Parſon, am Mr. Parſon; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. *What, hoa, I ſay, peace in this priſon!*
[*In a counterfeit voice.*

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.
[Malvolio *within.*

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. *Sir* Topas *the Curate, who comes to viſit* Malvolio *the lunatick.*

[*This and all that follows from the Clown, in a counterfeit voice.*

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*, good Sir *Topas*, go to my Lady.

Clo. *Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexeſt thou this man? Talkeſt thou nothing but of Ladies?*

Sir

Sir To. Well ſaid, maſter Parſon.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir *Topas*, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkneſs.

Clo. Fie, thou diſhoneſt Sathan; I call thee by the moſt modeſt terms; for I am one of thoſe gentle ones that will uſe the devil himſelf with courteſie: ſay'ſt thou that houſe is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows tranſparent as barricadoes, and the clear ſtones towards the South North are as luſtrous as ebony; and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir *Topas*, I ſay to you this houſe is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou erreſt; I ſay there is no darkneſs but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians *in their fog.*

Mal. I ſay this houſe is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I ſay there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are, make the tryal of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras *concerning wild-fowl?*

Mal. That the ſoul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'ſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou ſtill in darkneſs; thou ſhalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras, *ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, leſt thou diſpoſſeſs the houſe of thy grandam. Fare thee well.*

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas!*

Sir To. My moſt exquiſite Sir *Topas!*

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters. [*This in his own voice.*

Mar. Thou might'ſt have done this without thy beard and gown; he ſees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'ſt him: I would we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now ſo far in offence with my neice, that

I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport to the upſhot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exit, with* Maria.

SCENE IV.

Clo. Hey Robin, *jolly* Robin, *tell me how my Lady does.* [Singing.

Mal. Fool!

Clo. My Lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Fool!

Clo. Alas, why is ſhe ſo?

Mal. Fool, I ſay.

Clo. She loves another —— who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deſerve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. *Malvolio!*

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you beſides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man ſo notoriouſly abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have propertied me; they keep me in darkneſs, ſend miniſters to me, aſſes, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Adviſe you what you ſay: the miniſter is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, *thy wits the heav'ns reſtore! endeavour thy ſelf to ſleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.* [*All this in a counterfeit voice.*

Mal. Sir *Topas!*

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. [*In the counterfeit voice.*

Who I, Sir, not I, Sir. God b'w' you, good Sir *Topas!* [*This in his own voice.*

Marry, amen. I will, Sir, I will, Sir.

[*The firſt two words to be ſpoken in the counterfeit, the reſt in his own.*

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I ſay.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What ſay you, Sir? I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to ſome light, and ſome paper;

I tell thee I am as well in my wits, as any man in *Illyria*.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, Sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: good fool, ſome ink, paper and light; and convey what I ſet down to my Lady: it ſhall advantage to thee more, than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man 'till I ſee his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the higheſt degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir,* [Singing.
I'll be with you again
In a trice, like to the old vice,
Your need to ſuſtain.
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his wrath,
Cries ah ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, good man drivel. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Enter* Sebaſtian.

Seb. This is the air, that is the glorious ſun,
This pearl ſhe gave me, I do feel't and ſee't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madneſs. Where's *Antonio* then?
I could not find him at the *Elephant*,
Yet there he was, and there I found this current,
That he did range the town to ſeek me out.
His counſel now might do me golden ſervice;
For tho' my ſoul diſputes well with my ſenſe,
That this may be ſome error, but no madneſs,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe,
That I am ready to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon that perſuades me
To any other truſt, but that I'm mad,
Or elſe the Lady's mad; yet if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their diſpatch,

With

With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable bearing
As I perceive ſhe does: there's ſomething in't
That is deceivable. But here ſhe comes.

Enter Olivia *and Prieſt.*

Oli. Blame not this haſte of mine: if you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the Chantry by; there before him,
And underneath that conſecrated roof,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith,
That my moſt jealous and too doubtful ſoul
May henceforth live at peace. He ſhall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you ſay?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you,
And having ſworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; heav'ns ſo ſhine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. NOW, as thou lov'ſt me, let me ſee this letter.

Clo. Good Mr. *Fabian*, grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompence deſire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and Lords.*

Duke. Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how doſt thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Duke. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worſe.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praiſe me, and make an aſs of me;

me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an aſs: ſo that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of my ſelf, and by my friends I am abuſed: ſo the concluſion to be aſked is, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives; why then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counſel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double-dealer; there's another.

Clo. Primo, ſecundo, tertio, is a good play, and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping meaſure, as the bells of St. *Bennet*, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more mony out of me at this throw; if you will let your Lady know I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the ſin of covetouſneſs; but, as you ſay, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Antonio *and Officers.*

Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did reſcue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I ſaw it laſt it was beſmear'd
As black as *Vulcan*, in the ſmoak of war:
A bawbling veſſel was he captain of,
For ſhallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which ſuch ſcathful grapple did he make
With the moſt noble bottom of our fleet,

That

That very envy and the tongue of loſs
Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?
1 *Offi.* *Orſino*, this is that *Antonio*
That took the *Phœnix* and her fraught from *Candy*;
And this is he that did the *Tyger* board,
When your young nephew *Titus* loſt his leg:
Here in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame and ſtate,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.
Vio. He did me kindneſs, Sir; drew on my ſide;
But in concluſion put ſtrange ſpeech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.
Duke. Notable pirate, thou ſalt-water thief,
What fooliſh boldneſs brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms ſo bloody and ſo dear
Haſt made thine enemies?
Ant. Noble Sir, *Orſino*,
Be pleas'd that I ſhake off theſe names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate;
Though I confeſs, on baſe and ground enough,
Orſino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ungrateful boy there by your ſide
From the rude ſea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck paſt hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or reſtraint,
All his in dedication. For his ſake
Did I expoſe my ſelf (pure for his love)
Into the danger of this adverſe town,
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet;
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink; deny'd me mine own purſe,
Which I had recommended to his uſe
Not half an hour before.
Vio. How can this be?
Duke. When came you to this town?
Ant. To-day, my Lord; and for three months before,

No

No *Interim*, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

SCENE III. *Enter* Olivia *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the Counteſs; now heav'n walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madneſs:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aſide.

Oli. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may ſeem ſerviceable?
Ceſario, you don't keep promiſe with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious *Olivia!*

Oli. What do you ſay, *Ceſario?* Good my Lord ——

Vio. My Lord would ſpeak, my duty huſhes me.

Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my Lord,
It is as flat and fulſome to mine ear,
As howling after muſick.

Duke. Still ſo cruel?

Oli. Still, Lord, ſo conſtant.

Duke. What, to perverſeneſs? you uncivil Lady,
To whoſe ingrate and unauſpicious altars
My ſoul the faithfull'ſt offerings has breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd. What ſhall I do?

Oli. Ev'n what it pleaſe my Lord, that ſhall become him.

Duke. Why ſhould I not, had I the heart to do't,
*Like to th' *Egyptian* thief, at point of death
Kill what I love? a ſavage jealouſie,
That ſometimes ſavours nobly; but hear this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument
That ſcrews me from my true place in your favour;
Live you the marble-breaſted tyrant ſtill,
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heav'n I ſwear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his maſter's ſpight.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in miſchief:

* Alluding to a ſtory in the Romance of *Theagines* and *Chariclea* written by *Heliodorus*.

I'll

I'll ſacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To ſpight a raven's heart within a dove.
Vio. And I moſt jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you reſt, a thouſand deaths would die.
Oli. Where goes *Ceſario*?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love theſe eyes, more than my life,
More by all mores, than e'er I ſhall love wife.
If I do feign, you witneſſes above
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ah me, deteſted! how am I beguil'd?
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Haſt thou forgot thy ſelf? Is it ſo long?
Call forth the holy father.
Duke. Come, away. [*To* Viola.
Oli. Whither, my Lord? *Ceſario*, huſband, ſtay.
Duke. Huſband?
Oli. Ay huſband. Can he that deny?
Duke. Her huſband, ſirrah?
Vio. No, my Lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baſeneſs of thy fear,
That makes thee ſtrangle thy propriety:
Fear not, *Ceſario*, take thy fortunes up,
Be that thou know'ſt thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'ſt.

Enter Prieſt.

O welcome, father.
Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold (tho' lately we intended
To keep in darkneſs, what occaſion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou doſt know
Hath newly paſt between this youth and me.
Prieſt. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Atteſted by the holy cloſe of lips,
Strengthned by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my teſtimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me tow'rd my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou diſſembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath ſow'd a grizzle on thy caſe?
Or will not elſe thy craft ſo quickly grow,
That thine own trip ſhall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her, but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My Lord, I do proteſt ——

Oli. O, do not ſwear;
Hold little faith, tho' thou haſt too much fear!

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Andrew *with his head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God a ſurgeon, and ſend one preſently to Sir *Toby.*

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head a-croſs, and given Sir *Toby* a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God your help. I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir *Andrew?*

Sir And. The Duke's gentleman, one *Ceſario*; we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.

Duke. My gentleman, *Ceſario?*

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was ſet on to do't by Sir *Toby.*

Vio. Why do you ſpeak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your ſword upon me without cauſe,
But I beſpake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby *and Clown.*

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you ſet nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir *Toby* halting, you ſhall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't; ſot, didſt ſee *Dick* ſurgeon, ſot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir, above an hour agone; his eyes were ſet at eight i' th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a paſt-meaſure *Panim.* I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

Sir. And. I'll help you, Sir *Toby*, becauſe we'll be dreſt together.

Sir To. Will you help an aſs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exe. Clo. To. and* And.

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

SCENE V. *Enter* Sebaſtian.

Seb. I am ſorry, Madam, I have hurt your uncle:
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I muſt have done no leſs with wit and ſafety.
[*All ſtand in amaze.*
You throw a ſtrange regard on me, by which
I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, ſweet one, even for the vows
We made each other, but ſo late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons,
A nat'ral perſpective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear *Antonio!*
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have loſt thee!

Ant. Sebaſtian are you?

Seb. Fear'ſt thou that, *Antonio!*

Ant. How have you made diviſion of yourſelf?
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Than theſe two creatures. Which is *Sebaſtian?*

Oli. Moſt wonderful!

Seb. Do I ſtand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be a deity in my nature
Of here and every where. I had a ſiſter,
Whom the blind waves and ſurges have devour'd:
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* Viola.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of *Meſelin*; *Sebaſtian* was my father,
Such a *Sebaſtian* was my brother too:
So went he ſuited to his wat'ry tomb.
If ſpirits can aſſume both form and ſuit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A ſpirit I am indeed,

But

But am in that dimenſion groſly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt goes even,
I ſhould my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And ſay, thrice welcome, drowned *Viola!*

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And ſo had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my ſoul;
He finiſhed indeed his mortal act
That day that made my ſiſter thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my maſculine uſurp'd attire;
Do not embrace me, 'till each circumſtance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am *Viola*; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lye my maiden weeds; by whoſe gentle help
I was preferr'd to ſerve this noble Duke.
All the occurrents of my fortune ſince
Have been between this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been miſtook: [*To Olivia.*
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd: right noble is his blood:
If this be ſo, as yet the glaſs ſeems true,
I ſhall have ſhare in this moſt happy wreck.
Boy, thou haſt ſaid to me a thouſand times [*To Viola.*
Thou never ſhould'ſt love woman like to me.

Vio. And all thoſe ſayings will I over-ſwear,
And all thoſe ſwearings keep as true in ſoul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That ſevers day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me ſee thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me firſt on ſhore,

Hath my maids garments: he upon ſome action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio*'s ſuit,
A gentleman and follower of my Lady's.

Oli. He ſhall enlarge him: fetch *Malvolio*'s hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They ſay, poor gentleman, he's much diſtract.

SCENE VI.

Enter the Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A more diſtracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly baniſh'd his.
How does he, ſirrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the ſtaves end as well as a man in his caſe may do: h'as here writ a letter to you, I ſhould have given't you to day morning. But as a mad-man's epiſtles are no goſpels, ſo it ſkills not much when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the mad-man —— *By the Lord, Madam,*—— [*Reads.*

Oli. How now, art mad?

Clo. No, Madam, I do but read madneſs: an your Ladyſhip will have it as it ought to be, you muſt allow *Vox.*

Oli. Pr'ythee read it i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, *Madona*; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princeſs, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, ſirrah. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the world ſhall know it: though you have put me into darkneſs, and given your drunken uncle rule over me, yet have I benefit of my ſenſes as well as your Ladyſhip. I have your own letter, that induced me to the ſemblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do my ſelf much right, or you much ſhame: think of me as you pleaſe: I leave my duty a little unthought of, and ſpeak out of my injury.*

The madly us'd *Malvolio.*

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This favours not much of diſtraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian*, bring him hither.
My Lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought on,

To

To think me as well a ſiſter, as a wife,
One day ſhall crown th' alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you;
Here at my houſe, and at my proper coſt.

Duke. Madam, I am moſt apt t'embrace your offer.
Your maſter quits you; and for your ſervice done him,
So much againſt the metal of your ſex, [*To Viola.*
So far beneath your ſoft and tender breeding,
And ſince you call'd me maſter for ſo long,
Here is my hand, you ſhall from this time be
You maſter's miſtreſs, and his ſiſter ſhe.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the mad-man?

Oli. Ay, my Lord, this ſame: how now, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, *Malvolio?* no.

Mal. Lady, you have; pray you peruſe that letter.
You muſt not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it if you can, in hand or phraſe,
Or ſay 'tis not your ſeal, nor your invention;
You can ſay none of this. Well grant it then,
And tell me in the modeſty of honour,
Why you have given me ſuch clear lights of favour,
Bad me come ſmiling, and croſs-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people?
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a dark houſe, viſited by the prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious geck or gull
That e'er invention plaid on? tell me, why?

Oli. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Tho', I confeſs, much like the character:
But, out of queſtion, 'tis *Maria*'s hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt thou ſmiling,
And in ſuch forms which here were preſuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee, be content;
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,

Thou

Thou ſhalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cauſe.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me ſpeak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this preſent hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſs my ſelf and *Toby*
Set this device againſt *Malvolio* here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him. *Maria* writ
The letter, at Sir *Toby*'s great importance,
In recompence whereof he hath married her.
How with a ſportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſt.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, *ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them.* I was one, Sir, in this interlude; one Sir *Topas*, Sir; but that's all one: *by the Lord, fool, I am not mad*; but do you remember, Madam, *why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcal? an you ſmile not, he's gagg'd:* and thus the whirligigg of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been moſt notoriouſly abus'd.

Duke. Purſue him, and intreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A ſolemn combination ſhall be made
Of our dear ſouls. In the mean time, ſweet ſiſter,
We will not part from hence. *Ceſario*, come,
For ſo you ſhall be while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are ſeen,
Orſino's miſtreſs, and his fancy's Queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clown ſings.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
A fooliſh thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But

But when I came to man's eſtate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainſt knaves and thieves men ſhut their gate,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By ſwaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toſt-pots I had drunken head,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll ſtrive to pleaſe you every day. [Exit.

The End of the THIRD VOLUME.